To THE PUBLIC.
& Co., the Inventors, Manufacturers
etors of the justly celebrated R. R. R.
were first to discover a Remedy pos
Marvelous and Miraculous Power o
e most Excruciating Pains in an in
ing the worst Cramps and Spasms o
al or external in a few minutes, and
e most severe Paroxysms of Rheuma
ralgia, and Tic Douloreux, as soon as
The R. R. R. Remedies consist o
edies, each possessing quick and wo
wers over certain complaints and dis
will instantly—
E The Human System from Pain.
TE Each Organ to a Healthy Ac
tion.
VE Away all Diseased Deposits.
TE The Body from all Corrupt
Humors.
D The Weak and Broken Down
Constitutions.
RE To Health, Strength and Vi
gor all unsound and worn
out parts.
R. R. R. No. 1.
OWAY'S READY RELIEF,
For all Acute Complaints,
ERNAL AND EXTERNAL.
oment it is applied externally or taken
ystem, it will stop the most excruciating
quickly remove its cause.
RHEUMATISM
anger, a mason well known in Brook
a cripple for nine years, Radway's Rea
f, Relieved him from pain in fifteen
enabled him to walk two miles withou
of stick or crutch in three days, and
n entirely in one week.
ands of other cases equally as wonde
the above, have been cured by R. R.
CHOLERA MORBUS.
ay's Ready Relief will relieve the suf
m all pain in fifteen or twenty minutes.
cure the most desperate cases in a few
NEURALGIA.
moment R. R. Relief is applied it allays
painful Paroxysms. It will always cure
SICK HEAD ACHE.
ll relieve the most distressing pains in
minutes. It will likewise prevent renew
cks.
AGUE.
n minutes a teaspoonful of R. R. Relief
op the Chills and break the Fever.
s of all kinds, Pains of all kinds, Bruises
Scalds, Strains, Sprains, Stiff joints
ess. One application of Radway's Rea
lief will in a few moments ENTIRELY
THE PAIN.
educes swellings, heals sores, cuts and
s, removes bruises, allays the most vio
itations. For all pains use R. R. Relief.
for the signature of Radway & Co. on
ottle.
R. R. R.—No 2.
WAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT
Resolves, Renovates, Rebuilds.
IT CURES
la, Tumors, Bleeding of the Lung
is, Consumption, St. Vitus Dance,
Rickets, Salt Rheum,
a, Nodes, Canker,
itis, Fever Sores, Rash,
Erysipelas, Tetters.
above eighteen complaints R. R. Resol
ill positively cure.
novates the system completely, Resolv
ay from the Solids all impure Poisonous
iseased Deposits, freeing the Blood and
of Life from all corrupt humors, restoring
y and Vigor, Health and Strength, to every
and Member of the body.
TERS FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.
. J. J. MIDDLETON, of WACCAMAW, S. C.
under date of May 2d, 1853. That Rad
Renovating Resolvent cured one of his
s, on his plantation at Beaufort, of a Scro
complaint, of many years standing. The
llow was a digusting object of pity, he was
ing mass of sores. The other negroes
not remain in the same place with him,
of the doctors could do anything for him,
as entirely cured by Radway's Renovating
vent, and is now at work upon the plan
To the people of S. C. Mr. Middleton
ll known, and to the political world, Mr.
eton is no stranger.
SCROFULA.
W. B. Oliver, of Drayton, Dooly Co. Ga
the date of May 30, 1853.—Writes, "that
vant girl who was so reduced that no one
give a trip for her life," she was so cover
th sores, that there was not a spot of pure
of the size of a silver dollar on her whole
was entirely cured by Radway's Reno
g Resolvent.
NINETEEN YEARS.
rs. HENDERSON, of Westford, Mass., has
covered with sores for nineteen years, has
cured by R. R. Resolvent.
SALT RHEUM.
e most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will
ly yield to the RENOVATING RESOL
T. One gentleman who supposed that this
laint was hereditary in his family, and had
afflicted with Salt Rheum since his birth,
cured by the use of a few bottles of the
ovating Resolvent, and the POISONOUS
M ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS
EM.
IT REGENERATES
ry organ and member of the body; it makes
d, healthy and strong all WEAK, diseased
unsound parts.
WEAKNESS
Male or Female is quickly cured, and the
ilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous
healthy. Impotence and Nocturnal Emis
s in men, or diseases of either one or more
the generative organs, is quickly removed
the body restored to a healthy and sound
dition.
LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS
WOMAN, the numerous complaints and
ents which cast such gloom over their spirits
w doses of the Renovating Resolvent will
kly make the most NERVOUS, GLOO
and DEPRESSED, feel HEALTHY,
RONG and HAPPY.
ersons wishing this Remedy will please ask
Radway's Renovating Resolvent. Its price
ne Dollar per bottle. No small bottles, nor
the genuine ever sold for less. Each bottle
rs the fac-simile signature of
RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street, New York.
R. R. R. No. 3.
RADWAY'S REGULATORS.
REGULATES TO A HEALTHY ACTION
the Organs and Secretions of the body
Restores to Health and Strength,
E DISEASED AND WORN OUT
PARTS.
MPLAINTS THAT RADWAY'S REGULATORS
ENTIRELY CURE.
Costiveness, Liver Complaint,
Indigestion, Heart "
Dyspepsia, Kidney "
Dropsy, Bladder "
Urethra "
DIFFICULTY OF PASSING URINE
Dizziness, Inflammation of th
Stomach,
Stupor, Biliousness.
MELANCHOLY.
MALIGNANT DISORDERS.
Small Pox, Measles
Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever,
Bilious Pneumoni Typhoid Fever
AND FEVER OF ALL KINDS.
Influenza, Pleurisy, Common Colds
FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
Irregularity, Prolapsus Uteri
Hysteria, Womb Difficulties,
Whites, Amenorrhea,
LOSS OF APPETITE, Loss of Memory
Loss of Energy, Loss of Strength
R. R. REGULATORS
ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,
Perfectly Tasteless, Never Sicken,
Good at all times, Never Gripe.
DOSES,
ONE TO THREE—REGULATES.
FOUR TO SIX—PURGES.
ne Regulator at Night, on going to bed, will
re sound sleep, a Good Night's Rest, and a
lthy and Pleasant Discharge from the
wels in the morning.
ADWAY'S REGULATORS, READY RELIEF,
RENOVATING RESOLVENT ARE SOLD
BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
RADWAY & CO.
500 REWARD.—DR. CROS
man's Specific Mixture, for t
of gonorrhœa, gleet, strictures, and anal
complaints of the organs of generatio
object is to notify where it may be had; a
proprietor challenges a single case of g
ea to be brought which the mixture will
lly cure under forfeit of $500. For sale
H. RING, 192 Broadway, corner of Ba
ot

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER—DEVOTED TO THE RING, THE TURF, PEDESTRIANISM, CRICKET, YACHTING, AQUATICS, ROWING MATCHES, THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c., &c.

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Life and Battles of YOUNG DUTCH SAM,

THE ASPIRING KID OF THE

LATE PHENOMENON

Of the Prize Ring.

From a work published in England in 1828—now first republished in this country, in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

FIGHT BETWEEN SAM AND HARRY JONES.

Round 1. Caution was the order of the day on both sides: Sam on the look-out, and the Sailor Boy equally leary to guard against squalls. Sam tried all the manœuvres he was master of, to do summit; but Jones, who has a tolerable knowledge of milling, was not to be had. Some minutes elapsed, and nothing was done, until the Sailor Boy rushed in to work. He made a hit with his left hand on Sam's cheek, and closed. The weaving system was now adopted; Sam was thrown; and the Sailor Boy fell on the young Israelite. "Well done, Jones!"

2. Jones cleverly stopped Sam's left hand: sparring for advantages; and Sam hit short. The Sailor Boy, eager for work, went boldly up to his adversary, and planted a right handed hit on Sam's nob. A sharp rally of give and take occurred. In closing, the Young One received a cross-buttock; and Jones also fell heavily on his opponent. "Bravo, Jones! that's the way to win."

3. Jones hit short, being too eager to make play; however, he soon made up for it, by planting a heavy blow on Sam's cheek. In closing, the pepper-box was handed from one to the other; the Sailor Boy fighting at the nob, while his opponent was hammering at the body. The round was finished by Jones getting down as well as he could, Sam keeping on his pins.

4. The Young One did not show any thing like the superiority he exhibited in the fight with Stockman. The claret was running down from Sam's mouth; while, on the contrary, the Sailor Boy looked none the worse for his engagement. Sam's mouth was open, rather piping. Jones, with excellent skill, stopped a heavy left-handed blow of Sam's. In fact, considerable science was displayed by both of the combatants, till Jones rushed in to mill: sharp counter-hitting; in closing, the pepper-box was in full use, until they separated. Another sharp rally took place, when the Sailor Boy went down.

5. This was a prime round; and the fighting was excellent on both sides.—Sam's peeper napped a rum one from Jones—the Sailor Boy repeated the dose. (Great applause; and "He'll win it!") Sam was also bored down at one corner of the Ring.

6. The Sailor Boy appeared as fresh as when he commenced the battle; in fact, there was nothing like a mark about his nob. He also appeared quite up to the movements of Sam; and would not be decoyed from his mode of fighting by the stratagems of the young Israelite. Severe counter-hits, and both of which told on both sides. Jones also received a leary one on his listener as he was going down.

7. A long fighting round, and Harry as good as Sam. A sharp rally, and mischief in it. The Sailor Boy broke ground, but soon returned to his adversary; when he laid hold of him by the body, and sent him down in an ugly manner. "Well done, Jones—you can't lose it."

8. Sam's left hand was stopped by Jones; but still the former persevered till he made a good hit. Sharp counter-hitting; rather too hot for Jones, and he retreated; but, nevertheless, he returned to the charge in a passion, and planted a flush hit on the young Israelite's face. Jones ultimately went down.

9. The upper works of Sam napped a little one; and Jones got away, laughing. A severe rally; and give and take without flinching. Sam tried milling on the retreat, and was successful, till the Sailor Boy slipped down.

10. This round was decidedly in favour of the Sailor Boy. The latter beat his work without delay; and Sam fell down by accident, and received a heavy hit on his conk; but, like a trump, he jumped up and slashed away without any ceremony; but the Sailor Boy drove him to the ropes. Sam adopted the weaving system, but not with effect: the Sailor Boy hung upon his neck, till both went down.

11. The Sailor Boy was a dangerous customer to Sam. He planted a heavy blow with his left hand; then boldly went up to his opponent, and caught him round his neck—it was then blow for hit, till Sam was thrown. (Lots of applause for the Sailor Boy.)

12. The chaffing-box of Sam received rather an ugly thump from Jones; but Sam was determined to be with him, cutting the skin of his eye-brow like a knife, the claret following. Good milling, till Jones seemed a little abroad, when he pulled Sam down.

13. Jones parried well; and, in a sharp rally, the Sailor Boy was extremely active. Sam was cautious, but kept milling with his opponent.—Ultimately Jones went down.

14. The young Israelite appeared much distressed, and also exhibited severe marks of punishment. The blows of Sam, at this period, seemed to have little effect on Jones. The Sailor Boy again parried off the blows of his opponent with much skill; but he bored in and caught hold of his adversary round his neck. Sam, in order to excuse himself, fibbed his opponent; and, at length, he got away. Jones went down.

15. Severe counter-hitting; after which, Jones bored Sam to the ropes. It was expected the Sailor Boy would have made some mischief; but, after a little struggling, he went down.

16. With his left hand Jones planted a sharp facer; but the young Israelite, in return, jobbed him with his right. A rally, of no long duration; and, in closing, Sam was thrown.

17. The Sailor Boy planted several hits; after which, he bored in with his head down, in order to escape milling. A struggle for the throw, when Jones got down in the best manner he could. "I don't like that!" observed an Old Ring Goer; "he's going to cut it."

18 and last. Sam came up to the scratch quite gay; and the Sailor Boy was lively, and, to all appearance, nothing was the matter. After some sparring, Sam planted a blow on the right side of his opponent's nob, and he fell on his back. It did not appear by any means a finishing blow; and the Amateurs did not like it. When time was called, the Sailor Boy was deaf to it; and, of course, Young Sam was declared the conqueror. The battle was over in fifty-three minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.

There is nothing new in the Sailor Boy's cutting it: in several of his battles he has done the same thing, when the Amateurs have been perfectly satisfied that he had "the best of it." It was exactly the same sort of thing in his battle with Stockman. It was the general opinion that he might have won, nay, that he ought to have won the fight. He showed himself decidedly the best fighter, and was also the strongest man. In truth, when he had got his clothes on, he was very little the worse for milling. The blows of Sam were more showy than effective; and his hits were trifling, in point of execution, on the nob of Jones, when compared to the prime style with which he finished off Stockman. To sum up the matter, it was the opinion of the majority of persons present, that Jones, "if it was all right," although a good fighter, a strong chap, and capable of doing as were execution, by the manner of his giving it in, proved himself, in reality, little more than a cur.

Sam did not remain idle for a customer; he was matched with Tom Cooper, the Gypsey, for £30 a side. This battle was decided on Tuesday, the 25th of April, 1826, at Grays, in Essex, twenty miles from London, and nearly opposite Gravesend.

It would be wrong to state that the road was covered with Amateurs on Tuesday; but, nevertheless, the "Old Ring Goers" were in motion at an early hour, and a good muster of the Fancy, in their gigs and other vehicles, were trotting over the ground, to arrive in time at the scene of action. Young Dutch Sam is rather an attractive feature in the boxing circles at the present period; and Tom Cooper, by his manly behaviour in a turn-up with Bishop Sharpe, which continued for twenty minutes and upwards, was also viewed as an opponent likely to meet with success on Sam's head. Dutchy, like a good one, and master of his art, took the lead, went in, and punished the nob of his opponent like fun. The Gypsey did not like it, but kept fighting as he was retreating from danger. A sharp rally, and milling on both sides. Sam, perceiving that he could go in without much danger, again drove his antagonist to the ropes, where the Gypsey rather tired, went down. "It's as right as the day!" said the Pet of the Fancy; "we shall win it without any trouble." "Sam for a hundred."

3. The mug of the "Hero of the Bush" was now the worse for fighting, but his pluck was as good as ever; and mischief seemed his object, by his slashing away at random at his adversary. Random shots scarcely tell, and so it turned out for the Gypsey. Sam took advantage of his sort of wildness, and put in a counter so sharp, that Cooper was quite mad, and rushed in to work, helter skelter, and planted a severe blow under Sam's right ogle, which produced the claret. ("Capital!" from the friends of Cooper; "another like that, and summut will soon be the matter!"). Young Dutchy, as gay as a lark, returned the compliment by two severe hits, and, as a sort of tie-up to the round, sent his opponent headlong on the turf. "Dat's de vay!" from the Sheenies; "Vat a peautiful hitter! He's a chip of de ould block! Dat's vat he ish, my dear! He's an article not to be shold for his value, my dears!"

4. The coolness displayed by Sam, as well as his superiority as a boxer, satisfied the judges he must win it, although he had napped a rum one under his left eye, which now bled rather copiously. His left mauley was also a tiny bit damaged, and the friends of the Gypsey announced the circumstance with delight and hopes, that it was a good chance for their man, in case he could last a long time. Sam got away cleverly from a desperate blow, but he went in to his opponent, and, by a flush hit on his mouth, set all Cooper's ivories dancing. The Gypsey, not dismayed, returned on the body; a sharp rally followed, in which Cooper was floored; and Sam, rather weak, went against the stake. Five-and-twenty pounds to ten, but the backers of the Gypsey did not fancy it.

5. This was a prime round; and the friends of the Gypsey observed, if he had but commenced the battle as he now fought, the chance might have been in his favour. The Gypsey wildly fought at the body; while Sam (adopting the traits of his master, Curtis, who was at his elbow) kept milling at the head, and doing considerable execution at every hit. Sam also got away from numerous blows; and such was the fine science he exhibited, uniting tremendous punishment, that he nobbed the Gypsey five times, one after the other; and then, by way of a *quietus*, floored him. The sheenies were now roaring out in ecstacy, offering any odds on their "Beautiful, young Dutch Sam!" "He's an ornament, my dears, to the Prize Ring, and it ish likely he will become as great a man as ish fader."

6. The courage and resolution of the Gypsey was admired by every one present; but his mode of fighting is wildness instead of science. He trusts too much to desperation—he slashes out without looking at his opponent; in a word, he is not a marksman. In the hands of a scientific boxer, like Young Dutchy, he stands no chance. When once kept out, and a few nobbers, such a fighter becomes an easy prey, and is licked off-hand at the leisure of the cool miller. Thus was the Gypsey disposed of in this round; he napped "divers blows in sundry places," and was ultimately floored. 2 to 1, but no takers.

7. The appearance of the Gypsey was altered considerably about the head, but his friends insisted he was now fighting better, and thought they perceived a small turn in his favour.—Anxiety and friendship in favour of a man, in addition to backing any boxer, too often punishes the pocket of the Amateur—he does not view the contest in a proper light. The Gypsey was still mischievous; and a chance blow has been known to win the battle. "But be on your guard," says the Pet. "Give nothing away. Be ready for him, he's coming, wild as an ox." Sam waited for his adversary—met him in the head; and, in the struggle for the throw, both went down.

8. In this early stage of the battle it was a guinea to a dump, as to the best fighter. Sam did as he pleased, as a superior tactician; and finished this round in great style by a flooring hit. Any odds.

9. The Gypsey was piping: all abroad, and of little use, with his index out of shape. He was also fatigued, but yet he went to work desperately, in order to obtain something like a chance in his favour. It however, was "no go!" The wildness of the Gypsey was fast leaving him; and the jobbers he received at every turn rendered him nearly stupid, and he was hit down quite distressed.

10. It was completely "bellows to mend" with Cooper; in addition to which, Sam's fists were never out of his face until he was floored. Thirty to ten. "Take him away; he can't win it."

11. The Gypsey in this round endeavoured to hit up; which, if it had told upon Sam's nose, might have been dangerous. But he was punished severely; and by Cooper endeavouring to make a return he fell down quite exhausted.

12. The Gypsey was nearly done over; but he was gay, fought like a man, and contended till he went down. "Take him away."

12. Wildness and mischief was still the intent of Cooper; but it was all up with him as to victory. Sam planted his hits as safe as if he had been attacking a dead mark. The Gypsey down.

14. Cooper was now so distressed in every point of view, that all the Champagne in Charles Wright's extensive cellars—successful as it is in most cases towards recruiting drooping spirits—would have proved of no use towards renovating the frame of the defeated Gypsey. He was severely punished till he went down like a log of wood. "Pray take the brave fellow away."

15 and last. All things have an end; and the Gypsey was compelled to submit to defeat. Like a drowning man that will catch at a straw, Cooper made a desperate rush as his last effort. But Sam finished his opponent by a tremendous blow on his nose, as he was falling forwards, which deprived Cooper of his senses. When time was called, the Gypsey was insensible to it; and of course Sam was declared the winner. Sam left the Ring little the worse for the combat, excepting his hands, which were much swelled. The Gypsey did not open his eyes for several minutes, when he was not only carried out of the Ring, but also to the nearest public house. In truth, Cooper could not stand. The battle was over in thirty eight minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.

Sam not only proved himself worthy the attention of his backers, but he also raised himself a step higher in the Sporting World, by his victory over Tom Cooper. He won the battle like a master of his art, and was perfectly prepared at all points. His coolness was admirable, and he met his man with all the skill of an experienced warrior. Sam will be a troublesome customer for any boxer of his weight. Cooper has not disgraced himself by this defeat, but he ought to have paid more attention to science. His mode of fighting may soon dispose of ugly commoners in street rows, but with a skilful pugilist, when his desperation is stopped, his *forte* is gone, and it is a sort of heart-broken attempt afterwards. We were sorry a subscription was not made for Cooper—his brave conduct deserved it,

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At Ascot Races, on Thursday, June 8, 1826, after His Majesty had left the ground, a subscription Purse of £50 was subscribed for a fight. Sam, determined not to let a chance pass over without having a shy for it, entered the lists.

The above mill was patronised by some Swells of the first order; the blunt was also collected in the Royal Stand without the least difficulty; and considerable anxiety was manifested by the spectators upon the event. Sam, if his hands had been sound, would have entered the Ring with Gypsey Jack Cooper; and £100, we have no doubt, might have been got together with ease, if a battle of such an interesting nature to the Fancy could have been produced. Carroll is a good man, and was seconded by M'Kenzie and Lenney; and Sam was handled by Dick Curtis and Barney Aaron. Sam took the lead at 2 to 1, till the tenth round, when he received a severe cross-buttock. This circumstance rather alarmed his friends, but he soon recovered from its effects, and finished off his man in a canter, in sixteen rounds, occupying thirty minutes. However, the Judges did not look upon the above battle as anything like a "good one;" and only received it as a turn-up produced on the bustle of the moment. The Duke of Wellington was present during the fight, and subscribed £30.

From the great improvement exhibited by Sam, not only in his person, but in activity and knowledge of milling, he was matched, without hesitation, against Jack Cooper, once denominated the terrific, slashing Gypsey, for £50. This battle was decided upon a stage, on Tuesday, Feb. 27, 1827, at Andover, after Curtis had defeated Barney Aaron. The Gypsey, attended by Jem Ward and Mr. Nathan, ascended the stage; and Dutch Sam was waited upon by Josh Hudson and Dick Curtis. The appearance of the latter hero excited general surprise; when Curtis said, "Gentlemen, a bet was laid me, £10 to 1, that I did not win the fight and second Young Dutch Sam. I believe," said he, laughing, "I shall win them both now." Both of the combatants appeared in excellent condition; Sam seemed as lively as a dancing master, and confident to the echo, as to the event. Sam fights after the style of Curtis; and the latter boxer appeared very anxious for his success. After shaking hands, the men set-to.

Round 1. The appearance of Sam does not exhibit any thing like the determined character of his late sire, who was considered one of the hardest hitters of his time. Young Sam steps in and out exactly after the manner of Curtis, and he also holds up his hands like that great master of the Art of Self-defence; but his blows are not so well directed, neither do they do half the execution. The Pet is a model for all the boxers; and Uncle Ben publicly expressed his regret, that his nevy Jem was not at Audover, to have taken a lesson from the battle between Curtis and Aaron. Sam endeavored to make a hit, after long sparring; but the Gypsey got away from mischief. A precious long pause, and both upon the watching system; at length the Gypsey went in hand over head, harum scarum, and planted a heavy blow on the left arm of Sam, which left its mark behind. "I say, Governor," observed an old Ring Goer, "if that 'ere hit had have knocked at the door of Sam's victualling office, summut would have been the matter." Sam, on the alert, got away from another random shot. The Gypsey followed Sam all over the stage, but he gained nothing by his bustling system. The young 'un planted a facer; an exchange of blows was made, but Sam had the best of it. In closing, the strength of the Gypsey prevailed, and Sam went down upon his knees.

2. This was a long round. Sam taking his time to punish his opponent.—After several pauses, feints, and other kind of manœuvres, Sam gave a facer which produced "first blood!" The Gypsey, rather wild, rushed in and planted a body blow; but it was a chance hit. Sam, upon the whole, was too leary for his opponent, and having Curtis at his elbow, might be considered three points out of four in his favor.—He nobbed the Gypsey frequently, without meeting with any return. The long space of twenty-five minutes had elapsed before this round was finished. In struggling for the throw, both down, but the Gypsey undermost. Sam for £100.

3. The Gypsey, at times, stopped well; but in general he had no discretion at all about his hitting: he, however, planted a body blow. Sam kept out of mischief with considerable skill, and every now and then planting facers, which put the Gypsey out of temper, nay, made him so wild, that he rushed in like a bull, and by a sort of scrambling pull, he got the Young One down: 5 and 6 to 4 on Sam.

4. Had Sam been a punishing hitter, the numerous blows which the Gypsey had received upon his mug, must have reduced the fight at this period to a complete certainty, and also of short duration. Cooper is always a dangerous customer—and his scrambling hits are likely to win a fight. Sam, aware of this feature belonging to the Gypsey, kept out of harm a way with considerable talent, nobbing the Bush Cove at his leisure. The Gypsey's mug was bleeding profusely, and in rushing in to do mischief, he run himself down quite weak.

5. This was a long round, but the Gypsey, although quite desperate at times, could not turn the fight in his favor. The face of Sam did not exhibit the slightest marks of punishment. It is nothing else but right to observe, that Cooper stopped several well-meant blows: but he fought open-handed, and also missed numerous hits. There is no certainty about his fighting; and if he had measured his distance properly, another account might, perhaps, have been given of the battle. The face of the Gypsey was bleeding in every direction, and he did his utmost to win. In struggling for the throw, Sam went down undermost.

5. "You need not be in a hurry, Sam," said Dick, "you are sure to win it; he's about cutting it now. It is £100 to a kick of the rump." Sam planted a facer, that sent the Gypsey staggering; but he returned to the charge, and fought desperately. In closing, Sam fibbed Cooper down: 6 to 1 upon Sam, and "take him away.—He's of no use, he will not come again."

7. The Gypsey was quite abroad, and ran at his opponent like a madman, receiving facers at every step, but nevertheless, he bustled Sam about, who appeared a little distressed. In closing, the Cypsey again napped it severely, and went down, covered with claret.—"Take him away, do not let him come again."

8. Strange to say, the Gypsey answered the call of time. He also made two good stops. (Bravo, Gypsey! you behave like a brave fellow!) Sam now had nothing to do but wait for the rush of his opponent, and nob him with the utmost ease and certainty. The Gypsey was again punished severely, till he went down. (It is all up now! ten pounds to a crown he does not appear at the scratch again. Take him away!)

9, and last. The Gipsey, however, showed fight, and proved himself a much gamer man than his friends had anticipated he would have done. But he only stood up to receive punishment he was completely at the mercy of his opponent. Sam milled him down without ceremony. The Gypsey would have answered the call of time, he was game enough to have had another round, but his backer humanely interfered, and said, "He should fight no more!" The battle continued for one hour three minutes and a half. It is impossible to describe the joy felt by Sam; he was like a chap out of his senses, on being declared the winner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GAME OF VINGT-UN.

Vintg-un, or twenty-one, is very similar to Quinze, and may be played by two or more people. It is essentially a family game, and when played as such, the stakes are usually represented by counters, which may be of any value; say, sixpence the dozen, or more. It is common to limit the stakes to be laid to a dozen of counters, or the amount in money which they represent. As the deal is advantageous, and often continues long with the same person, it is usual to determine it at the commencement by the first ace turned up, or any other mode that may be agreed upon.

The deal is retained by the person who commences, until a natural vingt-un occurs, when it passes to the next in rotation*. (The old mode of play, however, is, that in the case of a natural vingt-un the deal passes to the holder, and many still adhere to this custom. This item of the game must, therefore, be regulated by the custom of the table, or be previously agreed.) The poney or younger hand should collect the cards that have been played, and shuffle them together ready for the dealer against the period when he shall have distributed the whole pack.

The dealer begins by giving two cards, one at a time, face downwards, to each player, including himself. After the first card has been dealt round, each places his stake upon it (which may, if he chooses, be as low as a single counter), and then receives the second card; but the dealer, upon the stakes being all laid, and before proceeding with the deal, looks at his own card, and if he thinks proper (having perhaps an ace, ten, or court card), he may double the stakes, which he announces by crying "double." He then distributes a second card to each, and lastly to himself. Should he chance to have a natural vingt-un, he declares it at once, before any more cards are dealt, and collects the stakes (which, by a vingt-un, are doubled), but should he have drawn less than 21, the game proceeds thus:—The dealer enquires of each player in rotation, beginning with the eldest hand on the left, whether he stands, or wishes for another card, which, if required, must be given from off the top (face upwards) of the pack, and afterwards another, or more, if requested, till with the points of the additional card or cards, added to those dealt, exceed or make 21 exactly, or such a number less than 21, as the player may choose to stand upon; but when the points exceed 21, the player is technically said to have over-drawn, and his cards are to be thrown up forthwith, and the stake laid on them paid to the dealer. When the dealer has gone the round of the table in this manner, he turns up his own cards to the view of the company, and should he have any number of points, between, say, from 17 to 20, he usually "stands," that is, pits his cards against the other players.—Those under his number, as well as eight, pay those above it receive. If the dealer should have only 14 or 15 points in his first hand, the chances would be against him, were he to stand on so small a number. He would therefore draw another card, and should this be a very low one (an ace or a deuce), and he have reason to suppose, by the extra cards dealt round, that he had to contest high numbers, he would draw again, and if he obtained 19 or 20 points would then probably win on more than he loses; the average of chances being in his favor; if by drawing he should happen to make up 21, he would receive double from all, excepting from the ties and those who had already thrown up, if more than 21, he would have to pay all who stand, paying the vingt-un double.

Should either the dealer or a player turn up two cards of the same denomination, for instance, two aces, deuces, or any other number, or two kings, two queens, &c., he would have the choice of going on both, and should the next card he draws be a triplicate, he may go on all three. If the cards happen to be aces, which count either as 1 or 11, at the option of the player, and if by great luck he should successively draw three tens, or Court cards, thus making three natural vingt-uns, he would obtain double stakes upon each, therefore six times as much as the stakes placed on the various hands, and should he, on laying his first card, have cried "double" the stakes payable, would, in such case, be twice doubled, therefore upon the three cards twelve-fold. This is an extreme case, cited merely to show the nature of the game. It commonly happens, however, that when either dealer or player "goes" on several cards, he loses on one or more, and thus neutralises his gains. Players, as already intimated, have the same right of "going" on several cards, as the dealer.

When any player has a vingt-un, and the dealer not, then the player wins double stakes from him; in other cases, except a natural vingt-un happens, the dealer pays single stakes to all whose numbers under 21 are higher than his own, and receives from those who have lower numbers; players who have similar numbers to the dealer pay; and when the dealer draws more than 21, he overdraws, and has to pay to all who have not thrown up, as already stated.

Twenty-one, whensoever dealt in the first two cards, is styled a Natural Vingt-un, and should be declared immediately. Hoyle says that this entitles the possessor to the deal, besides double stakes from all the players, unless there shall be more than one natural vingt-un, in which case the younger hand or hands so having the same, are exempt from paying to the eldest. But this rule, is nearly obsolete. It is not now customary to allow any except the dealer to take double stakes from the company, in respect to his natural vingt-un.

One of the first thoughts of the dealer, after the cards have been cut, should be to look for Brulet, which is a natural vingt-un formed by the bottom and top card, when they happen to be an ace and tenth card. The card or cards looked at must be thrown out, and mixed with those collected by the pony.—Brulet either clears the board of the stakes laid, (usually one or two counters levied on each player, at the commencement of every game, and collected into a tray), or takes the amount of the limit (perhaps 6d.) from each, as may be agreed.

The deal, it should be observed, may be sold to the best bidder, and, as it is undoubtedly of some advantage a buyer will generally be found. But should a timid player object to the deal, and no buyer be found, he may decline it, and so let it pass to the next.

N. B. An ace, as already intimated, may be reckoned either as 11 or 1: every court-card is counted as 10, and the rest of the pack according to their points.

The odds of this game merely depend upon the average quantity of cards likely to come under or exceed 21; for example, if those in hand make 14 exactly, it is 7 to 6 that the one next drawn does not make the number of points above 21, but if the points be 15, it is 7 to 6 against that hand; yet it would not therefore always be prudent to stand at 15, for as the ace may be calculated both ways, it is rather above an even bet that the adversary's two first cards amount to more than 14. A natural vingt-un may be expected once in 7 coups when two, and twice in 7, when four people play, and so on according to the number of players.

*Should a natural vingt-un occur in the first round it does not put out, the dealer being allowed a *misericorde*.

†This are the principal advantage of the dealer.

Capture of an Alligator.

The following account of the capture and death of an alligator is given in the Calcutta Star:

"A very large alligator was hooked and safely landed at the Acre Farm. He was deposited in a strong brick building for the night, his execution being put off to the following day, that notice might be sent to the curious to attend. At day-light, he was waited upon by several gentlemen from the surrounding country, who paid their respects to the top of the walls that confined him, and appeared very much affected with delight at the prospect before them of a little sport. The alligator was lying on his belly, with its disproportioned legs extended, and might have been conveniently measured in all his proportions, but it was thought as well to put off that until the exact tenacity of life in the ambitious monster had been ascertained. The hook, which was a single barb and straight shank, about eleven inches long, had entered the back part of the right upper jaw, and passing round the cheek-bone, came out above the eye: thus he never could have escaped but by the hook straightning or the rope giving way. It may be mentioned, that the hook above described is far preferable to the small, grapnelshaped affair which has been thought necessary for this game. But the probabilities are, that this fellow would have taken any hook, for he was ravenous, and it was not thought necessary even to float the bait, but drawing it a few feet out of the water on the mud, two hands were left to watch and report progress. When quite, he came at it, and made n about it. The word was passed, and by the time he had rolled himself over and over two or three times, some fifty hands were hanging on to a 2½-inch rope, and 'pull devil, pull baker,' was the order of the day, till he was safely housed—a matter of no slight difficulty, as may be supposed, considering that, with his tail, he could command a range of about sixteen feet.

"He appeared to have remained perfectly motionless during the night, being found in the morning just as he was left. It may be mentioned that the off hind-leg was gone at the first joint—that is, the foot was wanting, or hand, for their extremities are much more like hands than feet. There are five fingers, three of which have large and long nails upon them, and the other two are sealed to the verp tip. He was maimed, also, in the near fore-flapper, and had evidently been in the wars. They were known to fight desperately with each other about their prey, and this one had been maimed for life without a pension; the stump was well rounded off, and the injury could not have been a recent one. Some fortnight ago, a child was taken away, in the neighborhood, by an alligator, while filling some water-vessels, and it was thought not impossible it might be the monster now under sentence.

"Gentlemen who amuse themselves at firing ball at this kind of large game may save their powder and lead. The trials made with a rifle show how heavy the odds are against doing anything with them. There was some difference of opinion as to whether a rifle-ball would pass through him, supposing it not to strike the scales. The first one fired, with a view to this experiment, entered the side below the strong scales of the back, and the brute took not the slightest notice of it; a second, near the same spot, seemed not to trouble him in the least; neither of them passed through; they were fired from a distance of not more than ten feet. He was now stirred up in the rear with a long pole, and he turned upon his assailant with a ferocity that was terrific. People talk of alligators not being able to turn easily; he was round with the rapidity of a flash: the report when he opened his jaws to their full extent and closed them in his rage, was incredibly loud, and gave a tolerable idea of the power of his jaws. A third shot was now fired, with a view of finishing him, if possible, and the aim was behind the large raised scales, at the extreme end of the head, so as to break the spine. This would appear to have been done, for he turned upon his back, and did not again recover his position. After a fourth ball and a most careful search for his heart with a bayonet and a spear, a rope was passed over him, and he was dragged out, giving ever and anon sufficient warning of the propriety of standing aloof: a fifth ball in the spine appeared to settle him.

"On passing the tape along his back, he measured to a nicety 16 feet 6 inches; but his tail, too, had been curtailed, 18 inches less than one caught in that place about three years ago, and of which a very perfect skeleton was made on the farm, taken to England by Mr. Waterhouse, and deposited in a museum in Yorkshire. With a heavy axe he was now divided just abaft his hind legs.—The next process was an interesting one—an examination of the stomach. It contained little: portions of the skull of a child, the thigh bones, some smaller ones, and the bones of one hand; a quantity of straw, a large ball of hair, about four feet of inch-rope, and six or eight bangles, two or three of which were of silver. Having cut off the head and weighed it, it was found to be, to an ounce, two hundred weight. The muscular action in the tail end, about six or seven feet, was extraordinary; for, on entering a knife to expose the fat, which here lies in thick layers, the whole mass saving only the chump, was thrown into violent motion, and after performing several gyrations almost on end, struck the ground with extraordinary violence: this was the effect of every insertion of the knife, and it could not have been less than an hour after it was severed from the body. The head was 5 feet 8 inches round the jaws, and 3 feet 6 inches long. It is cleaned and preserved. The fat from the body was carefully taken off by native operators, it being highly valued as an external application for rheumatism, &c.

Ride in a Snow-Storm among the Hills.

It was a weary ride: the white wreaths were increasing in size and number, and the escapes of man and horse were oftner than they knew.—Even the hounds became nearly exhausted, and whimpered as they struggled through the snow.

A long sharp ridge rose before him. He made his horse clamber to its summit, and looked anxiously around him, in the hope of seeing a light; but he saw nothing but the white hills and the whirling storm. He heard the gurgle of a stream below; the sounds were faint and hollow, as if the banks were deep and precipitous. He kept this sound for a guide, and, why he hardly knew, proceeded in what seemed to be the direction of the stream. The ground continued to rise: the sound of the water became fainter, except now and then, when the noise the stream made, gushing over broken rocks, rendered it audible in spite of the vast depth of narrow ravine through which it ran.

After proceeding some time thus, in one of the temporary pauses of the storm he caught a glimpse of a faint light, winking some miles in the distance, on the other side of the stream. By this time the atmosphere, dim and stormy it was, began to be partially illuminated by the rising moon.

His object now was, to cross the stream and reach the light. Urging his toiling horse along the edge of the ravine, he sought for a place at which he might descend the banks but the chasm became wider, and its sides even deeper and more precipitous. The partial cessation of the storm, however, continued, although the clouds, now partially revealed, were dark and threatening still.

At length he saw a narrow ledge running like a spur from the precipice and seeming to cross over to the other side. It appeared to form a kind of natural bridge across the river, although the masses of snow piled about it made its real character look indistinct. At the best it seemed a desperate crossing-place but not more desperate than his condition was. Patting his horse's neck with his frozen glove, he felt its mouth with the bridle, touched it with the spurs, and with that strange feeling which in desperate extremities makes us aggravate recklessness, he resolved to make the hazardous passage in the saddle.

The animal snorted, and advanced reluctantly. The sides of the ridge were of giddy depth; some of the snow that hung on them fell down, and revealed a nar

The New York Clipper,

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1854.

Harrison Trent, Proprietor. } Frank Queen, Editor

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Answers to Correspondents.

No attention paid to communications soliciting information, unless post-paid. This will account for the non-appearance of certain queries.

Jaremy Diddler, Worcester.—"What is the meaning of the word *tasting*, as used by you in accounts of dog-fights?" Applying the mouth to the dog, to see if any poison has been placed on him.

Brandon.—The bird is lost, being without the bounds.

C. R., Brooklyn.—1. Jackson, the American Deer, accomplished the feat of running 11 miles and 48 yards in one hour, on the 6th of January, 1845. 2. Jackson is not an American.

Thole-pin.—1. Owen Swift was defeated by Hammer Lane on the 10th of May, 1836. The fight was for £50 a side, and lasted 2 hours and 3 minutes, 104 rounds were fought. 2. Lane beat Tass Parker on the 7th of March, 1837, in 2 hours, fighting 96 rounds.

W.—Dutchman forfeited to Flora Temple, in the match for $1000, on the 3d of May, 1853.

J. O. A., Albany.—Forty wins, of course.

Anglo-American.—ALL-FOURS: A was right in trumping, although he had the suit led in hand.

Delphian Circumforaneous, Philad'a.—The recent walking match was the first in which 7 miles were walked within the hour, in public, in this country.

H. W., Baltimore.—We believe the Arctic made the quickest run across the Atlantic, in her trip to Liverpool, in February, 1851, when she made the passage in 9 days, 17 hours and 20 minutes.

J. Blatchford.—The New York Herald was first commenced sometime in the year 1835.

New Year.—The two throwing 39 take the prize.

P. P.—If he knew the result before making the bet with you, it is no bet.

Old Ped, Philadelphia.—"Can you give me the particulars of the 10 mile foot-race that was run on the Beacon Course in June, 1844?" The race was for a purse of $800, and the man who should run ten miles and a quarter in the hour was to take the whole amount. If not done within the hour, the first man in was to receive $500—the second $200, and the third $100. Seven men entered, among whom was an Indian. Major Stannard came out ahead, making the distance in 1 hour, 4 minutes, and 35 seconds. John Smith followed Stannard from forty to fifty yards behind, but fell exhausted without accomplishing the last quarter of a mile. The third best was a boy of New York who ran but 9 miles. The others gave up the chase before the eighth mile.

Wm. D.—We believe Messrs. Wood & Christy are still in partnership: at least we have not heard anything to the contrary.

Boxing.—Tom Paddock, who is matched with Harry Broome, for the Championship of England, stands 5 feet 11 inches.

Dispute.—RAFFLE: "In throwing for two prizes, A and B had two chances each. A threw 37 twice; B threw 37 once and 31 the second time. Who takes the prizes?" A and B throw off, A throwing twice—B but once. Should A's two throws be higher than B's throw, A takes *both* prizes. Should B throw highest, he takes the best prize, A taking the other.

Subscriber, Philadelphia.—Much obliged for your favor of the 24th. Will be thankful for the documents.

J. L. L., Cincinnati.—We have no work on the breeding and training of terriers, &c.

Other Side.—Molineaux is not the real name of the boxer you refer to. Aaron Hewlitt is his proper name.

L. M. E., Pawtucket.—"1. A bets B he can beat him thirty games of chequers, in succession; the 4th is a drawn game, and B claims the stakes on the ground that this (the 4th) is one game, and A did not beat him. Please decide who wins." 1. B wins. 2. There is an establishment in Dearman street, we believe, in this city, for the manufacture of the *papers* you refer to. They are sent all over the United States.

Our Game Bag.

Odds and Ends, Foreign and Domestic.

GREAT SKATING MATCH.—An exchange paper says that, at a skating match recently held at Madison, Wisconsin, a mile was run in one minute and fifty-six seconds, starting included. It is said to be the swiftest time on record, and is equal to ordinary railway express trains.

MINIE RIFLE BALLS.—Four millions of Minie rifle ball cartridges were lately forwarded from the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, England, for use in the Crimea.

MAMMOTH BABY.—There is on exhibition at Philadelphia, a baby between two and three years of age, which weighs *one hundred and forty-two pounds*, and measures *forty-six inches* around the waist; the *infant* is beautifully proportioned, and wears *men's stockings* of the largest size. We have not been able to learn anything as to the parents of the child. They ought to be on the pension list.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—There is to be some prize shooting at Kissinger's Bridge, one mile above Reading, Pa., on Thursday, 28th, to which all Riflemen are invited.

LOTS OF GAME.—Buffalo are said to be abundant on the Red river, beyond Minnesota,—and many hunters will follow them this winter.

NECK-AND-NECK.—The great race between the night-mare and the clothes-horse (distance from pole to pole) came off the other day; the two parties coming in neck-and-neck.

QUAILS.—The game laws of Wisconsin prohibit the taking of quail after the 30th of January. The *Sentinel* says that there have been shipped from Milwaukee, during the game season, above eight hundred and sixty dozen quails.

A MALAY YACHT MODEL.—Mr. Geo. W. Blunt has at his store, corner of Water street and Burling Slip, the model of a Malay proa, which he has received from Commodore Perry, of the Japan Squadron, for the inspection of the New York public. It is said, by those experienced in such matters, that in its lines and proportions it bears a striking similitude to the famed yacht *America*, modeled by Mr. Geo. Steers. It has three masts. Connoiseurs in yachting, and in the models of sailing vessels, may see it as above.

BETTING IN LONDON—SCENE AT TATTERSALL'S.—Speculation at "Tattersall's" has, it appears, turned on Sebastopol. At a numerous assemblage of members, on Monday, Nov. 27, a gallant general distinguished in sporting circles by the appellation of the "Veteran," offered to bet an even thousand that the allies are in possession of the Russian stronghold in the Crimea before Christmas Day.

The re-appearance, on same day, in Tattersall's betting room, of a gallant officer of the Guards, who had fought and bled at the battle of the Alma, exhibited peculiar curiosity and gratification. In the course of an animated description which he gave to some friends, he produced a Minnie rifle ball which had been taken out of the thigh of the late Lord Chewton. The exhibition created a deep sensation. That noble officer fell with eleven wounds, but his sufferings did not terminate in death until nearly three weeks afterwards.

AN EXTRAORDINARY HORSE.—A very honest chap in Boston, who wished to sell his horse, advertised it as follows: "For sale, a brown horse with a Roman nose, in condition, and very fond of traveling, having run away four times within a week."

NOVEL MATCH—2,000 GLASSES OF ALE FOR £160.—A match has been made in London between Mr. Monckton, of the Bazaar Tavern, King-street, Baker-street (adjoining the Cattle Show), and Mr. Shomberg, of Bryanstone-square, for £50 a side, the former to draw and sell 2,000 glasses of ale during the cattle show, viz, 500 per day, commencing Tuesday, the 5th, Wednesday, the 6th, Thursday, the 7th, and Friday, the 8th inst., beginning at ten a. m. and ending at 10 p. m. each day.

THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA IN A MACKEREL BOAT.—A late London paper says, the fishing boat, intended for the voyage to Australia, of which the dimensions were given a short time since, has sailed for her destination. She is named the Mystery, and is only 22 tons. Her crew, on leaving Mount's Bay, in Cornwall, were in the best health and spirits, and appeared sanguine of a safe and speedy voyage. The wind at the time blew from the north east, the sails were set by friends of the voyagers, who accompanied them on board, and the Mystery started gallantly with the best wishes of all for her success.

ANOTHER HORSE CASE.—A case was tried in the Marine Court a day or two since, the particulars of which are as follows:—The action was brought by Mr. Sweet against Mr. Van Holland, both men are carters. In the forepart of October last, the plaintiff's cart was backed up against the curb stone in front of the premises No. 135 Greenwich-street. The defendant, with his horse and cart, was going down the street, and, in passing by the plaintiff's horse and cart, he ran over one of the fore hoofs of plaintiff's horse, inflicting a wound which finally resulted in the loss of the foot, rendering the horse utterly valueless. The horse was subsequently shot. Judgment for the plaintiff for two hundred and nine dollars—the value of the horse—and plaintiff's services in doctoring him after the accident.

RACE COURSE TO BE SOLD.—The National Race Course has succumbed to the hardness of the times, and fallen into the hands of the Sheriff of Queen's County. It is soon to be put under the hammer, but in what shape we do not hear.

TRIAL OF THE SAN FRANCISCO ENGINE.—The new fire engine, built by Wm. Jeffers for Vigilant Engine Company, No. 9, of San Francisco, was again tested on Saturday evening, 23d, in front of Fireman's Hall, Brooklyn, in presence of a large number of spectators. Alfred Carson, Chief of the New York Department; Israel D. Veloor, Chief of the Brooklyn Department; Mr. Pine, and the Hon. H. A. Moore, were selected as Judges. The engine was manned by members of Nos. 3, 5, and 8. They drew her water through sixteen feet of suction, and played through fifty feet of hose, with the following result:

On the first trial, through an open butt of 2½ inches, a stream was thrown to a distance of 63 feet; on the second trial, with a 1½ inch nozzle, the stream was forced a distance of 144 feet; on the third trial, through a 1 inch nozzle 154 feet; on the fourth trial, with a ¾ inch nozzle, a distance of 166 feet and seven inches was gained when the hose burst; on the fifth trial, with two ¾ inch streams, a distance of 144 feet was reached, when the hose burst. The night being exceedingly cold the firemen labored under much inconvenience; but the result shown satisfied all as to the good qualities of the new engine.

DANGEROUS SPORT.—A young man named Duke Thompson, wishing to try his skill at target-shooting, on Christmas day, placed a mark against the barn of Messrs. Ingram and Hall, Brooklyn, and blazed away. Unfortunately, there were several horses in the barn at the time, and the balls from the young man's musket passed through the barn, killing one horse and wounding another.

GOOD SAILING.—The semi-clipper Dreadnaught, Captain Samuels, which sailed from New York on Monday, Nov. 20, reached Point Lynas, Liverpool, on Sunday, Dec. 3, making the passage from port to port in thirteen days. The Dreadnaught took out over 150 returned emigrants and a very large cargo of grain, &c. This is as quick a *bona fide* passage by a sailing vessel as any on record.

LAWSUIT SETTLED.

The Gribbin and Parker Match.

HARRY GRIBBIN *vs.* JOHN CARLAND.

STAKEHOLDER NOT RESPONSIBLE.

In the suit of Harry Gribbin against John Carland, stakeholder in the late match between Harry Gribbin and Jim Parker, to recover the sum of $500, that being the amount of the stake deposited in the hands of Mr. Carland, on the part of Gribbin, the matter was settled one day last week, after hearing evidence and argument on either side, the Judge giving it as his decision, from all the facts which had been presented to him, that the stakeholder, Mr. Carland, could not be held responsible.

The circumstances which led to this suit must still be fresh in the memory of our readers, though a brief outline of the facts at this time may not be uninteresting.

In the month of February, 1854, a match was made between Harry Gribbin and Jem Parker, to fight a prize fight, on the 26th of April, following. On drawing up and signing articles of agreement, Mr. John Carland was selected by the parties to be the final stakeholder. The stakes were regularly deposited in the hands of Mr. Carland, from time to time, by the landlords of those sporting houses where the deposits were made. It was stipulated in the articles of agreement, that the fight should take place in Canada, the selection of the locality to be determined by toss on the night of the last deposit. Parker, it seems, won the toss. On the day appointed for the battle, a difference of opinion existed as to where the fight was to take place. The consequence of this was, that the parties did not meet, and consequently the fight did not come off, and the parties returned to the city from Buffalo and Niagara on the following day. Both parties claimed the battle money, and both parties gave the stakeholder notice to that effect. Mr. Carland was thus placed in rather an unpleasant position, but finally, as we were given to understand at the time, the stakes were given up to the Parker party. Mr. Gribbin soon after brought an action against the stakeholder to recover the $500 deposited by him. The suit was put off from time to time, but was finally brought up last week, and decided as above stated.

We understand that Mr. Gribbin will renew the suit at some future time, endeavoring, in the meantime, to obtain an assignment from those contributing to make up the amount of his stake.

Happy New Year.

That the year 1855, may prove a happy New Year to the friends and readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, is our sincere and fervent wish.

THE RING.

SAWYER AND ROBINSON.

The Proposed Prize Fight in Phila.

COLD WEATHER—NO FIGHT.

We expected to have been able this week to lay before our readers the particulars of the contemplated Prize Fight between Jim Sawyer and Jack Robinson, which was to have come off on the 21st, but *circumstances* over which no one seems to have had control, frustrated the plans of the parties, and the result was no fight. We have received many communications in relation to this affair, some charging the failure to Sawyer, while others place the blame upon the shoulders of Robinson. Not having room for all the correspondence on the subject received, we have chosen two communications out of the entire lot, so that each party may be heard. The following, it will be seen, attributes all the blame to Robinson. Our readers will peruse it attentively we have no doubt. We might add that we are personally acquainted with the gentleman sending this communication:

Sawyer and Robinson.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23, 1854.

MR. EDITOR,—In looking over the CLIPPER of last week I noticed an account of the proposed meeting between Sawyer and Robinson, for the purpose of deciding which is the best man. It is a well known fact among the friends of both parties, that the affair was to come off on Thursday, Dec. 21st, providing neither "backed out," which, from the reputation of both, as far as courage was concerned, it was thought, would not happen. Whether it did or not, the following statement of the matter, which will be substantiated by affidavits if denied, will suffice for your numerous readers, many of whom are acquainted with both men.

At a fire which occurred on Sunday afternoon, about five weeks ago, in the neighborhood of Willow street wharf, Robinson and Sawyer came together purely accidentally, and had some pretty hard words, during which members of the Vigilant Engine Company came up, and indulged in very insulting epithets towards Sawyer—such as "bloat," "rum-hound," "loafer," etc., etc., which wound up by Sawyer coolly informing them that, "Call me what you please—I can whip the best man in your Company, and give or take ten pounds." Mr. Robinson's reputation was now at stake, being a *fighting man*, and a member of the Vigilant, and he was in duty bound to accept the banter.

The arrangements were made, and the battle was to come off on last Thursday; but "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip." On Wednesday night the chosen men of each party were to meet by agreement at Van Osten's, Fifth street, and it was expressly understood that Sawyer was not to be there, on account of having been once arrested, and not wishing to be again so served. The seconds were to toss for the choice of ground, and the principals to abide by their decision. At eight o'clock, the time appointed, Sawyer's friends were on the spot, all ready; so were Robinson's friends, and Robinson with them, who swore he would toss for himself, and Sawyer must toss with him. Sawyer was not there, and *he* knew it, and resorted to this miserable subterfuge to back out decently; but it did'nt avail him much. A messenger was immediately sent for Sawyer, but Mr. Valiant Robinson could not wait—he would go to the Atlantic Hotel, Second and Quarry Sts., and wait there. Tither Sawyer and his friends followed, and found to their chagrin that Mr. Robinson had been there, stayed long enough to have a drink, and then left. A commitee of three was immediately appointed to hunt the gentleman up. The commitee proceeded to the Vigilant's house, and saw one of his seconds, who informed them that Mr. Robinson had gone to bed, and would not get out to fight any man. Subsequent to this, however, two friends of Sawyer saw Robinson, and he told them that he had been in scrapes enough, and did not wish to fight any more.

Sawyer and his friends then proceeded to Harry Wellbank's, on the Ridge Road, first leaving word that if Mr. Robinson saw fit to get out of bed that he would find them there. It was then twelve o'clock, and the fight was to take place at daylight.

After waiting until two o'clock in the morning, and no Mr. Robinson or friends making their appearance, Sawyer got upon a chair and proclaimed Robinson a *coward*, in presence of at least one hundred persons who had been drawn there by the excitement.

It is easily to be seen whether any "backing out" took place, and by whom, so far; but this is not all; the most interesting part of the affair has yet to be related. But, bye-the-bye, I almost forget to tell you of one scene in this serio-comic affair. As Sawyer's friends were about leaving Van Osten's, where the toss was to have taken place, officers Tom Grant and Sam Johnson were discovered lurking about the door, and Grant acknowledged he was there to arrest Sawyer. Who told him what was going on? It was none of Sawyer's friends. And why did he not arrest Robinson, when he knew he was there? Echo answers, why. Don't it look rather bilious? I think I hear you say contemptible.

Now for the best part of the whole. After all this had taken place, Mr. Robinson strutted about and proclaimed that he was bound to whip Sawyer the first time he met him, no matter when and where. An opportunity soon offered. On Saturday morning, Dec. 23d a slight fire occurred in Letitia Court, to which Sawyer repaired, in hopes of meeting Robinson, nor was he disappointed.

The Vigilant engine came upon the ground; director, Mr. John Robinson. Mr. Robinson immediately inquired, "Where is the fire?" never looking at Sawyer, who was directly facing him. He was answered by one of Sawyer's friends in the following words: "John, all the fire I see is this Game Chicken standing here," at the same time tapping Sawyer upon the shoulder. Robinson replied, that "He was as game a chicken as ever he was." Sawyer's friend asked him if he would toss, and he answered "Yes." He put his hand in his pocket, and then said he had not a cent. Sawyer's friend said he had. Robinson then said he had a quarter, and the former replied *he* had a dollar. Robinson refused to toss any one but Sawyer. Sawyer then stepped up and told him he would toss or fight him, he did not care which. Robinson, instead of answering, turned around and ordered the engine to be backed out of the Court, (he wanted the engine to be served as he had done himself.) Sawyer then took off his cap and showed his hair, (you know it has turned gray since he came from Mexico,) and said: "Robinson, you are afraid to fight an old *gray-headed man* like me, and I can whip you any time you wish to name, and you can fix your own place of meeting." He finally told him that he was a coward, and he would whip him any how if he did not stop blowing. If this was not a perfect "back down" of a *fighting man*, can you inform me what is?

The above statement you can rely upon as strictly true in every respect. I have no doubt you will have other accounts, but they cannot differ materially from this, as this can be proved and sworn to. Excuse the length.

Yours, respectfully, D.

Where's Sawyer?

PHILADELPHIA, December 24.

MR. EDITOR,—The match between Robinson and Sawyer, which was set down for Thursday morning last, did not come off, Sawyer not appearing on the evening before the fight, to toss for the choice of ground. It was agreed that the parties would meet at a public house in this city on Wednesday evening to toss, but lo! and behold, no Sawyer appeared. Robinson was on hand, ready to act up to the agreement, but Sawyer didn't show his face, and after waiting a sufficient length of time, and no signs of his coming that night, Robinson left the house fully satisfied that Sawyer never intended to fight him.

Sawyer was arrested some time ago, since the match was made, and it is said he himself was the informer on the occasion. That is the rumor here, and it looks very much like it, when he was afraid to come up to his promise, by appearing at Van Osten's on Wednesday night.

No one can deny that Robinson was at the place appointed at the proper time. Why didn't Sawyer put in an appearance if he was in earnest about this matter? He now states that he was looking for Robinson all that night; but why didn't he look in the right place, and at the right time? That's the question. Robinson has always been ready to fight, but Sawyer seems to have an inclination to show the white feather, and this last act settles it in my mind.

Should anything further transpire about this match, I will send you word.

Yours,
B—— J——.

We have thus given statements from both sides, from which our readers can draw their own conclusions.

Another Match and Another Disappointment.

A correspondent at Philadelphia informs us that a match was made in that city last week between James Russell and John Smith, the Belfast Barber, for $100 a side, and a small deposit was made, the parties agreeing to meet at a well known sporting house in Sixth-st. on another occasion. It appears that Russell was present, but the Barber and his friends were not on hand, and Russell received forfeit. It was thought a match would yet be made between them.

"The Ring at Boston Corners."

In the House of Representatives, on Tuesday last, Mr. Goodrich introduced a bill ceding a portion of the territory of Massachusetts to New York. He explained that Massachusetts proposed to part with what is generally known as "Boston Corners," where prize fights take place, and that the property to be disposed of consists of 1,800 acres. We believe the bill was passed.

Another Match.

GEORGE LEESE AND ED. WILSON.

We learn that a deposit of $15 a side has been made for a fight between George Leese and Ed. Wilson, and that the fight is to come off at the same time and place as that between Jack Leese and Frank McIntyre. The parties were to meet at George Leese's on Wednesday evening last to sign articles.

Jack Leese and Frank McIntyre.

These men, we believe, have gone into training. Jack is at Philadelphia, in the vicinity of which city he will take his breathings.

Frank McIntyre is at Pottsville, we believe—at least we had a letter from him a day or two since, postmarked at that place. A deposit of $30 a side was to have been made at Philadelphia on Tuesday evening last.

Jem Parker.

We received a letter on Wednesday morning, purporting to be from Jem Parker, of Troy, offering to make a match to fight Tom Davis. We do not place much confidence in the letter, although Parker's name is attached to it.

Old Tovee a Candidate for fresh

We learn that our old friend, Bill Tovee, is about getting up a *match* which, although we like to be impartial in *ring* matters, we hope may terminate in the "old un's" favor. In order that nothing may be wanting on *his* part to ensure success, Tovee has now been in *training* for about eight weeks at the *Golden Fleece*, Liberty street, and under the careful treatment of the *hostess* of that establishment, looks better than we have seen him look for a long time.—The *time* fixed for this *match* has not yet leaked out, though Tovee has promised to apprise us in time, so that we may be *present* to take a *report* of what promises to be an *exciting affair*. We have not yet learned who is to make the *ring*.

Barney Aaron.

This veteran is in town at present, and can be seen by those wishing to make the acquaintance of a good man, at the house of Izzy Lazarus.

SPARRING.

Jack Leese's Benefit.

We were sorry to see such a scanty attendance at the benefit of Jack Leese, at Kerrigan's Military Head Quarters, on Friday evening, 22d inst. We thought the fancy would have appeared in strong numbers, and give a lift to one of the fraternity of New York now matched to fight Frank McIntyre.

Among those who assisted, and contributed to the amusements of the evening by sparring, may be mentioned Izzy Lazarus and Harry Gribbin, who made a very good set-to, Harry showing a particular desire to give his fat opponent a punch in the bread-basket; Molineaux, of Brooklyn, and young Waters, of New York, made a capital display, and young Waters proved himself to be a good bit of stuff. Jack Leese and Charley Holmes sparred together twice in the evening, the wind-up being between these two, an accident preventing the attendance of George Leese. The wind-up was very pleasing. Jack Leese showing off to good advantage, whilst his opponent "went in" with a perfect *gusto*. Other sets-to were given, but we have not space to particularise them.

It was supposed that a match would have been made during the evening between Phil. Clare and Harry Gribbin. Harry said he was prepared to make a match to fight Clare at 10 stone 8 lbs. Clare's friends, however, were not authorized to make a match other than at catch weight. Gribbin afterward offered to fight at 10 stone 10 lbs., but nothing further was done in the matter that evening.

A Grand Exhibition.

IZZY LAZARUS IN THE FIELD.

We learn that Izzy Lazarus intends giving a Grand Sparring Exhibition this (Thursday) evening, at the Melodeon, 53 Bowery. The following programme has been arranged:

PROGRAMME.—The following celebrated sparrers will set to, viz: Jem Parker and Harry Gribbon; Molineaux of Brooklyn and Johnny Mackie; Taylor of Boston and Izzy Lazarus; Johnny Sweetman and Young Waters; Charles Holmes and Harry Jones; Jemmy Trainor and Young Pete; Joe Ward and Jem Stewart; Barney Lunney and Johnny Roach; Young Addams and Coady; Harry Lazarus and Mike Trainor; John Lazarus and Young Conklin. Two prizes will be contested for by the light and heavy weights—a Silver Cup and Watch. The Lazaruses are barred out from receiving either of the presents. By particular desire, Old Yates will sing the admired song of "The Fireman." Mr. George Harrington has kindly consented to chaunt one of his favorite melodies. Molineaux of Brooklyn will give his unrivalled dances with decanters, tumblers, &c. The finale will be a grand display between George Kensett and Izzy Lazarus. Old Bill Tovee will act as Master of Ceremonies. Tickets 25 and 50 cents. Sparring to commence at 8 o'clock.

Molineaux's Benefit.

Molineaux's Sparring Exhibition at Williamburgh, on Christmas night, was well attended, and the sparring gave much satisfaction. A man named Giddons was awarded the silver watch, and a lad named Barney Soloman received the pencil, the judges deciding they were the best sparrers of the evening, of the heavy and light weights. Giddons sparred with Burton, of Williamsburgh, and Soloman sparred with Jack Lazarus, of New York.

John Mackie.

Mackie arrived in town a day or two since, and will spar at Lazarus's benefit on Thursday evening.

Young Adam's Benefit.

The benefit of Young Adam's at Grand street Hall, on Tuesday evening last, was not well attended, although the sparring was of a good quality.

Teacher of Sparring.

Mr. John Sweetman is about to teach the art of self-defence to those who may need his services. He can be seen at Kerrigan's Military Head Quarters, 22 White street, every day between the hours of 10 and 12. John is a good teacher, and we can recommend him to those wishing to learn the art.

NEW YEAR SPORTS.

Old English Games at Yonkers.

Our Yonkers friends have made preparations for having a good time on New Year's Day. The public at large, and especially Englishmen from Lancashire, are invited to witness some good old Lancashire sport, among which may be mentioned a game of Foot Ball, by five men a side, for a potato pie supper.

There will also be games at Crim Stick by single hands and by double stick.

A pigeon shooting match for $50 a side, by two close rivals, also comes off on the 1st January. These sports will take place at J. J. Woodfine's, Pacific Hotel, Yonkers.

All fond of good sport are invited to be present.

McLaughlin in the Field.

Canine and other sports in abundance on New Year's Day, Monday next, at McLaughlin's, Sportsman's Retreat, 155 First Avenue. Read the advertisement in another part of our paper.

Great Times at Marriott's.

Don't forget that John Marriott of Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, has made arrangements for a day of real sport, for Monday next, Jan. 1.—Full particulars will be found in an advertisement in another column.

TERRIFIC DOG FIGHT.

Between Buffer and Terry.

FOR $100 A SIDE.

AT JOHN MARRIOTT'S, WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 20.

A large number of lovers of canine sport assembled at the house of John Marriott, 49 Madison street, on Wednesday evening, 20th inst., to witness the contest between the dogs Buffer and Terry, for $100 a side. Each dog weighed 27 lbs. It was near 9 o'clock before the dogs were brought into the pit, when the usual ceremonies of tasting, &c., being gone through with, the handlers prepared for the first shake.

THE FIGHT.

Previous to the fight Buffer was the favorite at considerable odds, but there were very few takers for the odds offered, such was the opinion entertained of the fighting qualities of Buffer. The dogs being let go, at it they went, biting and hauling each other over the pit for a long time, when it became evident that Terry was a better dog than he had obtained credit for, and the consequence was that the odds vered round in favor of Terry. The battle raged with the greatest ferocity, Terry fighting at his opponent's nose almost the entire time, the other not being able to get much of a hold on Terry in consequence. Three hours had now elapsed since the fight began and still the combatants held on, Terry on his favorite spot, the nose, or some other equally good mark about the head. It was now apparent that the only chance for Buffer to win was in his opponent refusing to scratch, should a turn be obtained. The friends of Buffer depended altogether on his gameness, the dog possessing that requisite in the fullest degree. Up to this time the dogs had been together in the first shake, no time having yet been obtained. Terry seemed to do with his opponent what he pleased—at the call of his handler he would haul him about the pit, or reman quietly over him, sometimes giving him a shake which was not of the most gentle description, again gnawing away at the head. At length after fighting a few minutes over four hours, a turn was had off Terry, and the dogs were picked up. It was now Terry's duty to scratch, failing in which the fight would be awarded to Buffer. This was the point on which the friends of Buffer depended to win their bets. It was the general supposition previous to the commencement of the battle that Terry could not be depended upon to return to the contest, after once a turn had been obtained.—Now was the time to test the real merits of this truly wonderful dog. The time having elapsed, the dogs were made ready again, and Terry immediately answered the summons of his handler, by immediately rushing forward to the scratch, and again entering into the fight with almost as fresh vigor as he exhibited on the first shock. Thus the fight continued for about eighteen minutes longer, when another turn was had, off Terry. It was now Buffer's turn to scratch, but the fast-sinking condition he was in made it manifest to all that he would not be able to scratch. The call was made upon him, but the brave old Buffer, the dog that had weathered many a ferocious contest, that had fought more battles, perhaps, than any other dog in the country, could not respond—his life was ebbing away—the noble animal, game to the last, lay in the last agonies of death, and in eight minutes after Terry had been proclaimed the victor, Buffer breathed his last, after fighting *four hours and thirty-five minutes*.

REMARKS.

This battle is considered the longest on record, and one of the most determined fights that ever took place. Buffer was terribly mutilated about the head, his nose being almost entirely torn off, and one of the eyes torn from its socket—the head seemed covered with gashes, and although suffering the greatest agony, he still fought on, and literally strove for victory to the death. Buffer had many obstacles to his success, having but few teeth, those on the upper jaw; the others seemed to be ground down even with the gums. It was thought he could worry out his opponent in a short time, and thus win the battle, but his friends knew not the animal he had to contend with.

Terry is a Glasgow dog, and as been in this country, only about one year. He has fought but once previously for money, though he has had several turnups since he has been here. His friends were not aware of the capabilities of the dog or they might have won a small fortune, almost, on the result of the above contest. Terry was not injured to a great extent; the day after the fight he was busily engaged in seeking for rats among the out-houses of the neighborhood in which his owners reside.

During the fight, some of the spectators got sleepy, and took a snooze, and like the newsboys in the Chatham pit asked their neighbors "to wake them up when Buffer died." Others retired after a couple of hours, not caring to stay out "late o'nights."

At one part of the conflict John Marriott twice offered to bet $25 to 25 cents that Terry would win. Of course the bets were taken. An accident might have defeated the favorite, and 25 cents was "such a small sum," and $25 so much more that such bets might have been taken the whole night. It was between 1 and 2 o'clock on Thursday morning before the battle was concluded.

PEDESTRIANISM

Grindell and the Indian.

It will be seen by the following letter, that Mr. Baker, in behalf of the Indian, offers to compromise matters, and meet Grindell half way, and run a five and ten mile foot race:

BUFFALO, Dec. 23d, 1854.

In answer to Mr. Grindell's proposal, that the race in contemplation between him and the Indian Smith, should come off on the Long Island Course, I would say that we will meet him half way, at a well known town called Syracuse, at any time after the winter is past, and the weather and ground become suitable for that kind of sport, and match him for any sum he desires, from two hundred to one thousand dollars. This will be on fair ground, and equally convenient for both parties. The respective powers of *locomotion* exhibited by the racers, will no doubt be witnessed by a tremendous multitude of admiring spectators.

Yours, in haste,
WM BAKER.

Extraordinary Feat in California.

WALKING ONE HUNDRED AND ONE CONSECUTIVE HOURS.

By our files of San Francisco papers, we have the following account of an extraordinary pedestrian feat which recently took place in San Francisco:—

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—On Wednesday, Nov. 22d, at 4 o'clock P. M., Mr. William Wheeler, "the celebrated Western Walker," commenced the task of walking one hundred-and-one consecutive hours; and, inasmuch as it was alleged that a similar feat was not fairly accomplished, particular pains were taken by those interested that there might be no humbug in the present instance. The first night was passed very comfortably; and during the next night and day he evinced no signs of fatigue. On Friday he appeared to feel the effects of a lack of rest, and his limbs commenced swelling. He was watched closely that night, and at times his mind wandered, and he was unconscious of anything going on near him. The next day (Saturday) he recovered his wonted vigor, and, with the encouragement of his friends near by, seemed quite fresh. His limbs, too, which bore evidence of his endurance, improved in appearance, and the approach of last night was met with much confidence by himself and others. He continued to walk, but with difficulty. His constitution required all the stimulus, that, consistent with his safety, could be given. He became delirious, and had to be guarded to prevent him leaving the plank, and, if possible, the room.

On Sunday morning the swelling commenced again, and the day passed tediously. Large crowds visited him, which did much to cheer him on. In the evening the audience became literally packed, and at one time it was seriously proposed clearing the room for the purpose of giving the pedestrian air. At 9 o'clock and 9 minutes, it was announced by Dr. Rowell, his physician, that his time was up. He left the plank, and walked through the crowd with perfect composure. Three cheers were given for him, which were duly acknowledged. This proved that he was perfectly sensible, and which, under the circumstances, was looked upon as a strange occurrence. A carriage being in waiting, he entered it, and immediately fell into a sound slumber.—On arriving at the destination of the vehicle, he awoke, and, with a firm tread, went into the house, and, after partaking of such nourishment as was provided for him, retired to bed. The only food or drink allowed him during the time of this extraordinary performance was beef tea, (very strong,) raw eggs, brandy and wine. This is the greatest feat of the kind on record.

Williams and Hughes.

We have been informed that in the match between Williams and Hughes, to run five miles, Hughes staking $50 against his opponents $40, the race was decided in favour of Williams. The match came off on Christmas day.

Dorsey and Hughes.

ANOTHER MATCH.

Dorsey and Hughes have made another match, Dorsey agreeing to run 10½ miles to the blacksmith's 10. The match is for $100, and will come off on Saturday next, on the Union Course, Long Island.

Error Corrected.

We hasten to correct an error which we were led to make a week or two since, in speaking of Scotty's case in Brooklyn. A friend, in whom we placed implicit confidence, gave us the particulars as we narrated them, but we are informed that the statement was altogether incorrect, Scotty not being arraigned for manslaughter, but for being present when the quarrel took place, and therefore held as a participant. Scotty did not strike the man, as was satisfactorily proved on the trial. We are sorry that such an incorrect statement should have appeared in our columns, but hope this correction will set matters right.

South Carolina Races.

CONGAREE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.—Two mile heats, purse $300—Dec. 13, 1854.—The *Columbia Times* gives the following account of the races:—The field to-day, consisting of five, all of them of considerable reputation, promised fine sport. The Maid of Orleans, T. G. Moore's entry, seemed to be the favorite, though none were willing to give the field. Owing to the inauguration of the Governor, the start was postponed later than the usual hour. The Maid won the inside track, and seemed determined to sustain the advantage she had thus gained. Leading the string, she was closely pressed for the first mile by Col. Campbell's Cordelia Reid and Ellen Evans; she still, however, maintained the first position. On the first turn of the second mile T. B. Goldsby's entry made a brush at her, and succeeded in closing the gap; before however, the three-quarter turn, she shook him off, and won the heat by three or four lengths, Ellen Evans coming in second. Time, 3:54.

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...der for, and that better time could ...d would be made. After the usual ...y of thirteen minutes, the five start... ...gain, the Maid taking the lead, ...e, pressed by Ellen Evans and ...delia Reed, the others packing in ...y well. Ellen Evans succeeded in ...king up the gap in quarter stretch, ... passed under the string the first ..., half a length ahead; the Maid ...w fell behind, Cordelia Reed taking ... place, the contest for the heat being ...dently between herself and Ellen ...ans. The chesnut mare maintained ... position, and won the heat by two ...three lengths, Cordelia Reed coming ...second. Time—3:51½.

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English Sporting Items

FIGHT

BETWEEN

GEO. CROCKETT

AND

GEORGE BAKER,

OF CHATHAM.

Fifty Pounds a side.

From Bell's Life in London, December 3, 1854.]

This mill came off, according to agreement, on Wednesday last, and without any disturbance, either on the part of the roughs, meddlers who are so fond of putting a stop to all true British sport, or even on the part of the spectators, who conducted in considerable force, but who, we are glad to state, acted in the most orderly manner throughout. The place was originally named by us for the battle to take place, was opposite Lower Hope Point, and to enable the combatants and their friends to proceed to this spot, a steam vessel had been chartered by Mr. Orchard, of Chatham. This vessel lay off Gravesend until the arrival of the Chatham division, who embarked and crossed the water to take in the London-ers and the men, both of whom had come from the metropolis after weighing the previous day at Jemmy Welsh's, the George, East Harding street, Farringdon Market. It was a clear bright day, but there was such a heavy gale of wind that all the "old salts" in the neighborhood who had experience of the shores of old Father Thames, expressed their opinions that a landing from the steamer anywhere nearer than Old Haven, about 11 miles down, would be attended with great inconvenience, and not a little danger. Some friendly engines had pointed out a favorable spot near at hand where there was every chance of the business being brought to a comfortable conclusion, and Crockett and his party were therefore most anxious to repair thither, without risking the danger of the disembarkation near Lower Hope, and one and all objected to so long a journey as Old Haven at this time of year. The boat, moreover, was so small that she could not possibly have conveyed more than half the would be spectators in safety. Several consultations were held between the backers of the men, and at length an offer having been made on the part of Crockett's friends to defray a portion of the expense incurred by the Bakerites for the hire of the steamer, it turned out that this was really the only point to be got over, the offer was at once accepted, and the veteran commissary and his deputies toddled off to the place which had been pointed, where the lists were quickly constructed, the old gentleman taking the hint thrown out by us last week, and constructing an outer ring of such dimensions as to enable all to stand round and witness the affair without inconvenience. It was now nearly one o'clock, an hour at least having been wasted before preliminaries could be settled. The men lost no time in shying off their thatches within the ropes and stakes, and as quickly entered themselves—Crockett attended by Bill Hayes and Jemmy Welsh, and George Baker waited upon by Billy Dunean and his trainer Woodey, who had brought him into first-rate trim. Crockett looked pale, but on stripping was evidently in magnificent fettle—every muscle was beautifully developed—there was not a superfluous ounce visible in any point, and his bust was a perfect picture of health and wiry strength. He had been training in company with young Herrington, under the care of Eden (the Miltman,) at Oliver Burn's, brothe of "My Nevy," at Brentford. Baker who had taken his exercise at Aylesford, was also as fit as possible, and all looked forward to an interesting trial of skill and manliness.

Before describing the mill, it may not be uninteresting to present our readers with a slight sketch of the performances of both men, especially as it is now some considerable time since either of them has figured within the istic arena. George Crocket was born in 1828, and was first encounter in a regular arena was with Young Welsh (not the renowned Jemmy), a clever boxer, but some six or eight pounds lighter than our hero. The battle took place Sept. 14, 1847, and was won by the accomplished George with tolerable ease in 28 rounds and 45 minutes. In the following year, on the 11th of January, he thoughtand beat one Branch, a 10st. man, in 42 rounds and 103 minutes, for £25 *a side*; and on the 28th of March he fought and vanquished Hazletine, in 74 rounds and 113 minutes, this contest being for £50 a side. His next encounter was with the accomplished Bill Hayes; and here, for the first time, he met his master. It was an extraordinary exhibition of skill and tactics on the part of Hayes, and although only eight rounds were fought, they occupied no less than 98 minutes. This battle took place January 16, 1849, and on the 3d of October following, Crockett met and conquered, with ease, in 24 rounds and 48 minutes, Harry Cooper the baker, a former opponent of Bill Hayes. After this he forfeited to Hazletine, and then, in October 15, 1850, attempted to overcome the dashing Jack Jones of Portsmouth, but in this he signally failed, Jones vanquishing him in seven rounds and 38 minutes. Crockett then made his first match with Billy Duncan, which came off June 25, 1851, and was won by Crockett in 44 rounds and 75 minutes. After this he made no appearance in the P. R., with the exception of his two subsequent performances with Duncan, of which the less said the better, until Wednesday last. Those said performances did him considerable harm in the estimation of his friends, but on his promising them that he would never commit himself again in like manner, they consented to give him one more chance, and of this, we are glad to be able to state, he took every advantage, and spared no pains to get himself fit to justify the confidence once again reposed in him.

He is a powerful, excellent two-handed fighter, and we consider if he will only persevere in the good course he has undertaken to pursue, he will yet become a star of the first magnitude.

George Baker is about a year younger than Crockett, and in weight is about the same, namely 9st. 6lb. His previous performances are few and far between. He fought and was beaten by Dan Collins, a much heavier man than himself, for £25 a side, in five rounds and thirteen minutes, November 11, 1851; and afterwards fought a draw with Joe Winn, January 13, 1852, there being a dispute as to a foul blow. It will thus be seen that the "public running" of Crockett was greatly superior to that of his opponent, and fully justified the confidence of his friends, who freely offered 5 and, in some instances, 6 to 4 on him before the battle commenced, odds which the backers of Baker, confident in the pluck and strength of their pet, were not slow to take.—Having thus put our readers "fly" to the merits and demerits of the men, we will proceed to business. By the time the *toilettes* had been satisfactorily adjusted, and a few bets at 5 to 4 on Crockett booked and staked, it was half-past one, and shortly after this time the office was given; the men shook hands good humouredly, and commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both, on throwing themselves into position, displayed their knowledge of their profession by their elegant attitudes; each eyed the other seriously, and sparred for an opening. There was not much suspense. Crockett crept up, feinted slightly, and let go his left straight on Baker's mouth, drawing *first blood*, and displacing some false grinders which Baker had forgotten to remove before the opening of the ball. Baker hit out at random in return, but did not get home. A close followed, and both fell, Crockett under.

2. Crockett, with very little delay, opened the pleadings, his declaration being another spank on Baker's whistling trap, Baker again missing his return. The latter persevered, however, and caught Crockett with his left under the right lug. Some scrambling exchanges followed, which ended in Baker going to grass.

3. Crockett feinted with his left, and finding Baker would standit, let it go heavily on his forehead, receiving a little one on the side of his nut in return. Baker now endeavored to lead off, but was neatly stopped, Crockett returning on the forehead. Crocket again made play, popped in his left heavily on the throat, cleverly avoided the return, and then again sent in his left on the neck. Some slight exchanges followed, in which, beyond another spank on Baker's kisser, nothing was done, and in the close both fell, Baker under.

4. Baker came up vith the claret distilling from his mout. Crockett let go his left, but was stoped; a second attempt was more succesful, and reached Baker's damaged muzard. This he repeated, but Baker cloutered him heavily at the same momen, and catching him with effect on the pit peeper, inflicted a cut from which the gravy was instantly perceptible. This elicited loud shouts from the Bakerites, who thought it as good as a win. A heavy rally followed, in which Crockett got it on the side of his nut, and Baker with severity on the forehead, and in the end Baker got down.

5. Baker went boldly to his man, as if intending to eat him down, when Crockett, with great quickness, caught him left and right, the former catching the Kentish hero on the forehead, and the latter with such severity on the point of the jaw that Baker at once fell, his head reaching the ground as soon as his body. *First knock-down* for Crockett. It was evidently a tremendous hit, and all thought it was the finishing stroke. By dint of perseverance, however, Baker was brought to in sufficient time to present himself at the scratch for round

6. Baker's knees bent under him, and he was all abroad. Instead of standing out to recover himself, the game lad went in; when Crockett, without striking him, closed, threw, and fell on him. 20 to 1, or, indeed, any odds on Crockett.

7 and last. Baker again staggered up, but it was only to receive the *coup de grace*. Crockett popped in his left on the nose, and Baker fell. Orme, his backer, seeing it was useless to prolong the contest, directed the sponge to be thrown up, and Crockett was declared the winner in *eleven minutes*. There was no more business on hand, and all, at once, returned to the railway station, which was reached in time to return to the metropolis by four o'clock. Crockett had no mark at all beyond the cut on his right eye-lid; while poor Baker displayed several large bumps on his *os frontis*, and a slight disfigurement of his good-looking potato-trap. As soon as he recovered from his stupor, he was himself again, and, doubtless, long before this account appears in print, will have lost all traces of George Crockett's handiwork. Some of his backers and self-styled friends had the bad taste to attribute his leaving off to cowardice. But remarks of this kind are utterly at variance with the facts. The hit in the fifth round was quite sufficient to have justified Baker's seconds in giving in for him, and his coming up the two following rounds was a mere matter of form on his part. He was perfectly bewildered, and it was plainly to be perceived that he was quite ignorant of what was going on. Previous to the hit in question he had taken everything with the most complete *sang froid*; there was not the semblance of a flinch on which to hang the slightest possible accusation of want of pluck. It is too much the habit with some persons when anything "comes off" on the wrong side to attribute the result either to cowardice or dishonesty.

REMARKS.

Short as the above account necessarily is, our remarks will be still shorter.—Crockett brought all his well known clever tactics of a glove practitioner into admirable play. He was quick on his pins, precise and extremely heavy in his deliveries and was all the time on the alert to stop any mischievious attempts on the part of his adversary. He is certainly one of the hardest hitters of the day, and if he can only make up his mind to put up with a few hard knocks we are prepared so see him foremost among those of his weight. Heavy as his hitting is with his left, we believe from the specimen we saw on Wednesday that his right is still more dangerous. He is still young, is a powerful, wiry fellow, and if he will take our advice and conduct himself with propriety, cannot fail to do well. He has assured us that he has seen the error of his ways, and will in future do all in his power to deserve the patronage of his friends. He denies that his indisposition to receive punishment in several of his battles arose from cowardice, and positively assures us that on those occasions he has always been suffering from illness, which has so incapacitated him from bearing the wear-and-tear of severe punishment.

We know it is the opinion of many of his friends that this is the case, and we are, therefore, inclined to place some considerable faith in the assertion. In the battle of Wednesday there was, of course, no opportunity for him to display his gifts as a receiver, however he may have shone in the opposite character. Of Baker we have but little to say, except that he was completely outfought in every way. He is a game young fellow, and not destitute of scientific knowledge, but when opposed to so accomplished a boxer as George Crockett, his talents are completely thrown in the shade. To be out-fought by him we consider is no disgrace, as it is everywhere admitted that, for skill in the use of his digits Crockett stands A 1.

We cannot help thinking, however, that Baker is somewhat cut out for a pugilist. He is a quiet, unassuming, well-behaved lad—is a general favorite in his native town, and, indeed, wherever he is known, and if he can contrive to rub on without having recourse to the roped arena, we strongly recommend him to do so. He is perfectly capable of imparting a knowledge of the art to others, and we should think that his appearance and manners will go far towards obtaining him numerous pupils. Should he be still desirous of earning fame in the P. R., he must confine his efforts within more moderate bounds, until he has obtained more experience.

The money is to be given to Crockett, at Jemmy Welsh's, the George, East Harding street, to-morrow (Monday) evening, when Baker will be present, and, we trust, will receive some consolation for his defeat. We are glad to hear that many of his London friends have presented him with the price of his colors, as a salve to his wounds. Perhaps some of his country admirers will follow so excellent an example. He speaks in high terms of the kindness he has received from Harry Orme, and from Mr. Burford of Chatham.

Fight between George Sims and Ben Bandoff, for twenty-five pounds a side.

These men met on Tuesday last, in Long Reach, to contend at catch weight. They are tall, lathy fellows, about 11st each. Their performances we mentioned in our last. They entered the ring about twenty minutes to three, Sims attended by Tom Sayers and Jack Hicks, while Alec Keene and Jem Massey waited on Sims. Bandoff was most artistic, and drew first blood from Sims's snout, and peppered him severely about the left eye, in the second round. He was also by far the stronger man, and threw Sims heavily. So good did his chance seem, that his friends offered 6 to 4 on him after the first two rounds. In the third he received a heavy hit behind the left lug, which took all the fight out of him, and although he was persuaded to go up and fight 41 more rounds, he never made an effort to follow up the evident advantage he possessed in strength and science. It is true he occasionally threw Sims heavily, but finding that the latter was too game to be stalled off without plenty of punishment, Master Bandoff, to the disgust of his seconds and backers, wanted to resign at the conclusion of every round, declaring he had a "fery pad pain in is ed." At the conclusion of the 44th round all the persuasions of his seconds could not induce him again to face Sims, who was therefore declared the winner, the battle having lasted 55 minutes. The money is to be handed to Sims at the Spider's, Old King John, Holywell-lane, to-morrow (Monday) evening. It is the universal opinion of the friends of Bandoff, that the less he talks of his qualifications as a boxer, in future, the better. A more arrant cur, we are told, never pulled a shirt off.

T. BENSON and H. PRICE.—On Monday last, at the early hour of seven in the morning, the above-named Birmingham men met to contend at catch weight, for £3 aside, near Hay Mill Brook, about four miles on the Warwick road. They were well matched as to size and weight, neither exceeding 8st 2lb. They were well seconded, and an excellent fight took place, the ring being well kept during the whole fight. Price got first blood in the third round from the left peeper of Benson, and followed the advantage up with the knock-down blow in the tenth round. In the twelfth round Benson shifted his mode of fighting, and in several rounds got well home on the nob and ribs of Price, who, nothing daunted, rattled away, receiving severe punishment without flinching, both men showing the greatest pluck. Price, however, proved the better man, for after fighting fifty-two rounds, in one hour and five minutes, Benson's friends gave in for him.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—BROOME AND PADDOCK.—The twelfth deposit of £10 a side for this match was made at Johnny Broome's, Cumberland Store, Beak street, on Wednesday. The thirteenth of a like amount is to be made at Mr. Jackson's, King's Head, King street, Park lane, on Wednesday next.

Walking Sixty Miles per Day.

CHARLES ELSON, for a wager of £30 and a subscription purse, has engaged to walk sixty miles per day for six days in succession. He commenced his task on Monday, starting from the George and Dragon Inn, High-street, proceeding by the Ashford road through Chilham and Kenninghen, to the Oak Tap, Ashford, making up a distance of 15 miles to be traversed four times a day, thus giving a total of 360 miles to be walked in six days. Elson is a native of Northampton, 23 years of age, slight but muscular figure, height 5ft. 4in, weight 9st. He starts each morning, about four or five o'clock, returning to Canterbury at midday, and finishing his walk about eight o'clock each evening, to sleep in Canterbury.

Great Rat Match.

The great 200 rat match between the noted city dog Duke and J. Massey's country dog Dido, came off last Tuesday, at Jemmy Shaw's, Crown court, Great Windmill street, in the presence of a strong muster. The whole of the rats were found by Shaw, and proved to be of the largest species. Duke commenced the task, but though not in the best condition, got through it in the gamest style in 12 min. 9 sec., greatly distressed. Dido next attempted the feat, and not having an ounce of superfluous flesh on her body, completed her arduous task in 10 min., thus winning by 2 min. 9 sec. A fresh match was talked of. The match between the Westminster bitch Fly and the little dog Billy, at 100 rats each, on the 31st inst., ended in favor of Fly, who destroyed her 100 rats in 9 min. 31 sec., Billy having 13 disputed rats to kill when time was called.

Punt Race for the Championship.

The long talked-of punt race between Sampson Beesley and John Bossom (both of Oxford,) for £10 a side and the honour of the Championship, took place on Monday morning last, at Oxford, from King's Barge to Iffley and back. The event created much interest, both men having plenty of friends, the betting, however, predominating in favour of the veteran Sampson, at about 6 to 4. Despite the early hour (ten o'clock) at which the race came off the spectators were very numerous, and no doubt by the manner in which they lined the bank of the river, a first-rate race was anticipated. Bossom, who won the toss, took the Berkshire side, and soon passed his opponent, being several lengths in advance, until approaching the Free Water Stone, where the water is deeper, and Beesley made up the lost ground. Soon after this a foul ensued, and Bossom jumped out of his boat on to the path, contending that he had won the race according to the articles, which did not allow of fouling. The referee decided in favour of Beesley, who punted over the remainder of the course, and may now be considered the champion punter of England, as no one excepting Bossom has responded to his challenge, given in our columns last year, after his easy victories over Emony, the Eton Waterman. Some dissatisfaction was expressed at this result, but Bossom behaved remarkably well, and a subscription has been set on foot for him in the university.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—The stakes in this match were given up to Messenger on Monday last, at Mr. Herrick's, Clarence Inn, Kingston. The meeting was very fully attended, the healths of both the men drunk, and a sum of money subscribed for the loser. Cole, in returning thanks, alluded to the severity of the race, and acknowledged the great merit of his vanquisher.

Latest State of the Odds.

MONDAY, Nov. 27.—The whole of the Derby betting that came under our notice, this afternoon, was as follows :—15 to 1 to £175 against Oulston, 18 to 1 to £50 against Wild Dayrell, 1,000 to 30, 500 to 15, 3,000 to 90, and 3,000 to 100 against Polydore (the recently named Polydore colt), 2,000 to 50 against Affghan, and 1,000 to 15 two or three times against Rambling Katie.

THURSDAY, Nov. 30.—Amongst the half-dozen who dropped in during the afternoon, the following transactions took place:—1,600 to 100 (twice) against Oulston, 3,000 to 100 against Polydore, and 1,000 to 15 against Rambling Katie.

MOUNTJOY AND COLEMAN.—EIGHT MILES WALKING MATCH. J. Mountjoy (the pedestrian) and J. Coleman met on Tuesday at Aston Cross Grounds, to walk their eight miles match, for £5 aside. The weather proved very unfavorable; yet there was a fair sprinkling to witness the match. Mountjoy was a favorite to 2 to 1. At a quarter past three the men got off, Mountjoy taking the lead. At the third lap round (eight laps to the mile) Coleman was abreast, but the veteran put on the steam, and soon headed his younger opponent by twenty yards. In this way they continued on, mile after mile, Coleman doing his best to overtake his man but, finding at the seventh mile he had no chance of winning, he, at the next lap, gave in. Time 1h 5min. Mountjoy finishing the distance at his leisure.

Doings at Hyde Park, Sheffield.

SHERDON AND WELTON'S TWO MILE RACE for £100.—On Tuesday upwards of 2,000 spectators, from various parts of the country, assembled at Hyde Park Grounds, Sheffield, to witness the race of two miles, for £50 a side, between James Sherdon, of Sheffield, and Christopher Welton, of Gateshead. The betting, which was exceedingly dull, commenced at guineas to pounds, and eventually left off at 5 to 4 on Sherdon, with few takers.

About half-past four o'clock the competitors came to the scratch, and immediately got away, Welton cutting out the running at a tremendous pace, closely followed by Sherdon until little better than four times round the ground had been paced over, when Sherdon slipped in front, was never again headed, and won with ease; Welton, who was run to a complete stand-still, gave up about 100 yards from home. Immediately on Welton stopping, some villain on the hill-side threw a large stone at him, but luckily without hitting him.

Racing Matters in New Orleans.

At a meeting of the members of the Metairie Jockey Club, which was held on the evening of the 1st inst., the following gentlemen were elected officers of the Club for the ensuing year :—For President, Col. J. G. Cocks; First Vice-President, Hon. P. O. Herbert; Second Vice-President, Col. Wm. Christy. The *Picayune* of the 2d says—"We understand that the greatest good feeling and harmony prevailed, and that the prospect for good sport at the approaching meeting is very encouraging. We would also state, in this connection, that many of our sporting and racing friends from the country are daily arriving amongst us and helping to fill our hotels. Several stables of horses have also arrived at the course, but we have not yet visited them. The great Lecomte, and his late competitor at Natchez, Joe Blackburn, arrived in town yesterday, so that the admirers of fine horse flesh can gratify their taste by a ride to the course. The original arrangement of the races, to take place over the Metairie Course on the 2d, have been altered to the 5th inst., and previous to that day we hope to perceive large additions made to the many racing friends from the country, who are now here. The number of horses in attendance will, we trust, be also augmented."

Business Notices.

The Ball Season.

DR. GOURAUD is, most emphatically, a steadfast friend to all ball-goers, for by the use of his valuable cosmetics, the most homely belle or beau can be made to present quite a pretty appearance. The celebrated Italian Medicated Soap imparts a clear and blooming complexion to the skin, removing, at the same time, pimples, freckles, &c., &c. The Hair Dye changes red, gray or light hair into brown or black. Poudres Subtiles removes all superfluous hair;—Liquid Rouge just gives that rosy tint to the cheeks which all so much admire: And the delicate perfumes which the Doctor has always on hand, make yourself and all around you the attraction of the time. All of the above, with many others equally valuable, can be had of Dr. Gouraud, at his office, 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

Happy New Year.

In making New Year calls, our young friends should not forget that to look decidedly genteel, they should take good care to procure a neat and fashionable hat, such as Messrs. RAFFERTY & LEASK, of 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, manufacture. In fact, the ladies prefer these, because a Daguerreotype Likeness is placed in each hat purchased at the above stores; and if you are not very careful, your fair entertainer may manifest a liking for your "picture" by transfering it to her own possession—all in the way of sport, however. But to speak seriously, no gentleman should make calls without having a genteel hat; and you who are in need should lose no time, but wend your way to either of the above stores, and make your purchases. You will not regret it.

AMUSEMENTS.

CIRCUS AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE
A. H. PURDY, ... Manager.
First week o the
HOLIDAY PANTOMIMES.
Billiant display of Equestrian Skill by the Great Circus Troupe.
M'ME TOURNAIRE IN NEW FEATS.
THREE CLOWNS:
SAM LATHROP, BEN JENNINGS, W. H. STOUT.
The entertainments to conclude with the pan tomime of
THE GOLDEN AXE,
OR THE FARIES OF THE SYLVAN LAKE.
Harlequin ..... Mons. Benoit
Clown ..... Mr. Stout
Pantaloon ..... Mr. Thompson
Columbine ..... Miss Lafolle
Dress Circle and Upper Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 12½ cents; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Single Persons to Private Box, $1 each; Balcony Box, $8.

WHITE'S NEW ETHIOPIAN

OPERA HOUSE, 49 Bowery, OPPOSIT the Bewery Theatre. This is universally pronounced the most magnificent place of MINSTREL ENTR TAINMNT, &c., in America.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
Patronized by the elite and fashion of this great metropolis. Doors open at 7—Performance commences at 8 o'clock. An entire CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EVERY EVENING.
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Buckley ..... Properiotor.
R. Bishop Buckley ..... Musical Director
Admission ..... 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

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No. 309 Broadway.
A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human frame.
Open day and Evening.
Admission 25 cents.

GREAT SPORT FOR NEW-YEAR'S.
A GRAND NIGHT'S SPORT will be given by James McLaughlan, Sportsman's Retreat, 155 First Avenue. The sports of the evening will consist of Beat, Badger, Wolf and Coon Baiting, and Rat-killing. There will be four handsome Collars and a Silver Cup to be run for on that night. The two celebrated Badgers will be on hand. Big Ben, the greenhorn, will be baited for. A handsome Silver Cup, open for all dogs not exceeding 30 pounds. The Badger sport for a handsome Collar by small dog.
The Silver Cup, Collars and Rats, free of charge on that night.
Door's open at 7 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

BOAT AND YACHT BUILDING.
MESSRS. FISH & MORTON HAVING their Boat and Yacht Yard in full operation on York Bay, four miles south of Jersey City Ferry, from which place a line of omnibuses runs every hour, can furnish Row Boats, Ducking Boats, Sail Boats and Yachts of every description. Orders will also be received at their warehouse, No. 404 Water street, New York city, where a constant supply of Small Boats, Oars, Sweeps, &c., will be kept on hand. d30–tf

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S
CELEBRATION!
GRAND SPORT FOR THE HOLIDAYS! A Grand Sporting Jubilee will be given at Sportman's Hall, No. 49 Madison street, by J. MARRIOTT, for the benefit of those who on this time-honored Festival never fail to be on hand to assist in its celebration. J. M., for this occasion only, having engaged a splendid troupe of Artistes, both native and foreign, pledges himself that he will give an Entertainment worthy the patronage of his friends and the fancy in general, and unequalled by any other establishment of the kind in this country.
The Sports will commence by the introduction of the old Artiste, JEANNET, who will go through her graceful performance with any competitor that may offer. Jeannet's protege, the ARE-EN-SAW PET, will next endeavor to tread the footsteps of her illustrious predecessor. A handsome Collar will be given to the best Artiste produced on this occasion.
The next on the carpet is the celebrated Badger, HUMP, engaged expressly for the Holidays, to leave his home among the Wicklow Mountains, when the two passions, cowardice and courage, will be displayed with any Artiste that may offer, to whom a handsome Collar will be given if he succeeds in drawing him from his cover.
The next on hand will be Dat same Ole Coon, RIP, being a native of Sleepy Hollow; he will contend for this occasion for possession of Dat Ole Gum Tree with any aspirant after fame that may offer. A handsome Collar will be given to the Artiste that shall succeed in dislodging him.
The Sports of the day to conclude with the following Celebrated Artistes—Tanner, the Champion, 32 lbs. open for $100 with anything of that weight; Tyro, the Terrier, open for anything 22 lbs. for any sum; Towney, the Screamer and Mik the New Haven Champion will have a friendly set-to for $5 or $10 with any Artiste of their own weight that may offer; Jack, the Derry Smasher; the Swamp Terrier; Yellow Pied Boxer; Old White Boxer; Young Hump; Old Red Jack; and a host of Artistes from Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, and Jersey City.
Ladis open to fight the same dog, Jack, for $250 against $200. Dog Jack can fight any Dog 25½ lbs. against any other Dog, 20½ lbs. weight.
Tickets 25 cents. To be had at the Bar.
Sport to Commence on Christmas Ev'g at 7 o'clock, and on New Year's at 3 in the After noon. dec16 2t.

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.
RAFFERTY & LEASK
Are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $2 and $3; and in addition giving each Customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham-st., opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

BALL COMMITTEES!

ATTENTION!
T. FRERE, 83 Nassau street, near Fulton, New York, would inform BALL COMMITTEES that he is now ready to exhibit to them his magnificent assortment of Fancy Papers and Cards, for Ball Circulars, Tickets, and Orders of Dancing, just imported from England, France, and Germany, as well as to his large and superb stock of the choicest American Patterns.
He holds himself at all times in readiness to execute, in the very best manner, at moderate prices, all COMMISSIONS FROM BALL COMMITTEES. Being a practical Engraver, on Copper, Steel, and Wood, any designs that may be required can be furnished in the finest style of the Arts.
All forms of wording for Invitations furnished gratuitously, thereby obviating all trouble to Committees in that particular. Appropriate Engravings for Military and Fire Companies, used without charge.
BALL COMMITTEES are cordially invited to call and inspect the stock, before making selections elsewhere. T. FRERE,
oc14 83 Nassau street.

NEW AMERICAN GAME.
PUBLISHED THIS DAY, AND FOR Sale at all Stationers and Fancy Stores, the NEW AMERICAN GAME of REGATTA, or Social Amusement for the Winter Evenings. JAMES QUEEN,
d21m 409 South Second Street, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.
The New York trade supplied by
ROSS, JONES & TOUSEY,
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ENGLISH

Chaunts for the Fancy.

THE

PUGILISTIC FEATS

—OF—

JACK SCROGGINS.

BY P. EGAN.

TUNE—"*The Bold Dragoon.*"

There was a boxing blade, of his feats now I'll Sing,
He jump'd and thump'd his way, till he got into the ring—
With his capering jigs, and funny rigs, laughing at all *science*,
Says he, "I'm the boy! here's my *castor* bids defiance!"
With a thump and jump, whack, row de dow!

He cleaned the BOOTS so neatly and *brush'd* them up so fine,
And *bothered* JACK so *primely*, till he got him in a *line!*
His thumping whacks, and precious smacks made the BOOTS to run,
GRIMALDI, in a Pantomime, never made more fun!
He's got the trick that makes 'em sick, whack, &c.

He *hammer'd* next the SMITH, saying, "you'll repent your folly."
And astonish'd all the ring by *milling* of Poor DOLLY—
He got some fame, O what's his name? the SWELLS will tell and ask;
'Tis JACK SCROGGINS come from sea, and he'll perform his task!
This rough tar will not spar, whack, &c.

The conqueror of DUTCH SAM then next he took in tow,
He *mill'd* that *crusty* blade, and lik'd him for a foe!
He made such play and fought away, to beat any sloven,
NOSWORTHY had better been—at his oven!
With his hit sway, he won the day, whack, &c.

In *fishing for a customer* he soon got hold of SALEE,
With his *bait out*, all round about, like dance of reels,
He *mill'd* away, so brisk and gay, putting aside all *science*—
Saying, "Let me plant *my* hits—and on them I'll place reliance!"
In spite of jarring, and fine sparring, whack, &c.

Next a wrestling OILMAN, who wished to gain some fame,
In fighting with JACK SCROGGINS—by trusting to his *game*,
He fought 'tis true, to give him due, but with out a *chance*—
SCROGGINS won with all the ease, like being at a dance,
With full of fun, sure as a gun, whack, &c.

JACK since turn'd *Boniface*, left fighting in the lurch,
But to wipe away his sins he *swore* he'd go to CHURCH!
His *feeling* text much perplext that opposing sinner,
But SCROG *satisfied* his doubts before he went to dinner!
Full of *pluck*, with good luck, whack, &c.

JACK lately on a *cruise* got in a *groggy* plight—
And to please the SWELLS, O he fought by *"candle light!"*
His thundering hits, came like fits, till the clock struck "One!"
When FISHER he turn'd sick—SCROGGY winning it like fun.
Sober or drunk, full of spunk, whack, &c.

JACK's won the golden *chink*—but with all its pleasing charms,
Now to *serve* his *customers* at the *Waterman's Arms*,
With a pipe, to see life, among their *millers* and fat men,
To recount the days of JOHNSON and BIG BEN!
So full of glory, fam'd in story, whack, &c.

PARISH AND HOLT.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY GEORGE HEAD.

TUNE—"*The Trotting Horses*"

Come all you sporting blades, who in "milling" take delight,
Sit you down a while, and I'll tell you of a fight;
There was Harry Holt, "the duffer," to mill it was his plan;
So the customers we chose for him was Joe the "waterman."
For to hi away, stop away, mill away, ye ho!
With my fal de ral, &c. &c.

The parties both agreed, and to "mill" was their intent;
On the twentieth day of August to Moulsey-Hurst they went;
The DUFFER was the favorite, the odds were six to four,
For they said JOE could not take it, and swore he was a cur!
For, &c. &c.

At half-past three o'clock, in the ring those heroes met,
To see them "go to work" all the lads were on the fret;
There were crowds of every kind, from the east unto the west,
All anxious for to know which could mill the best.
For, &c. &c.

From Horseley down and Battersea two Swells* came rolling in,
Both anxious for to know which of the men would win;
They stripped so neat and clean the fight for to begin,
Both full of resolution, and determined each to win.
For, &c. &c.

The heroes they shook hands, and then commenced the fight;
Joe's second, Harry Harmer, and Holt had *Lilly white*;†
Bill Eales, a bottle-holder, and Parish was his man;
George Green for the swell *Duffer*, and then they both began,
For, &c. &c.

The fight being now commenc'd, both cautious were the men;
But *Joe* he drew the first blood, he stopt and hit so clean;
Though *Harry* had the length of him, to win he was in hopes,
Yet *Joe* so well could "go in," that floored him on the ropes.
For, &c. &c.

They both began to mill, and blood began to flow,
And which would win the *diwat*, for some time they did not know;
Though Harry hit so clean, he so well by *Joe* was stopp'd;
Then he hit in the *mummer*, and on the ropes he dropped.
For, &c. &c.

An hour and a half a well contested fight,
But from Joe's body-blows Harry could not stand upright;
On the ropes Joe had the pull of him, but mercy was his plan,
So he yielded him the conqueror, for he could no longer stand.
For to mill away, &c.

So now the mill is over, to drink shall be our plan:
Come, fill your glasses high to Joe the waterman;
We will drink success unto him wherever he does go,
And when you see this "milling core," you must hail him with "HALLOO!"

* The two backers, Mr. H. and Mr. C.
† Richmond the Black.

A LITTLE BOY had his first pocket knife, and for several days used it himself, and extended the privilege of the occasional use of his treasure to his little play mates. One evening he was kneeling at his mother's knee, saying his customary Prayer, which he closed in these words: "And please God give little Jimmy Bailey a knife of his own, so he won't want to borrow mine all the time!"

GOING TO A FIGHT.

A CHAPTER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

BY OWEN SWIFT.

The Philosophy of going to a Fight—Instructions to *Novices*—The *Office*—The Sports of the days that are gone—Par' Prads a' Railways and Steam-boats—Brief notice of the late Bill Gibbons—Duties of the Commissary General, &c. &c.

A certain degree of philosophy is essentially necessary in preparing to go to a fight; to combat the difficulties which frequently attend a "mill" one should anticipate them. An old adage says, take an umbrella with you when it *don't* rain,—the precaution is unnecessary when it *does*. Upon this principle, I say, although the weather be fine and promising, put a great coat on you when you go to a fight, a pair of very strong boots, and do not omit to tie a thick bandanna round your *squeeze*. If the distance is great, and cannot be neared by railway, say forty or fifty miles, send a *prad* on half-way the night before, or post down,—the latter plan is the best if you are *blunted*; and if not, need I hint at the propriety of *nobbing* it behide a friend in a gig, or making one of a party in a "go-cart." That you may not be on the wrong scent, it is important that you should call at my house, or some other sporting *crib*, two days before the fight is to "come off;" and if you are known not to be a *beak*, a *trap* or a *nose*, you may make sure of being informed of the place of *rendezvous*. The poetry of "going to a mill," has of late received a *hit*—a terrific right-handed *hit*, which has almost knocked it *out of time*; in other words, steam has so far superseded tax-carts, go carts, buggys, dennets, stanhopes, tilburies, post-chaises, teams and other flash drags, which were wont to enliven the scene, and relieve the monotony of a trip "down the road," that the imagery of the thing has vanished, not "into thin air," as that Champion of the British Classics, Bill Shakspear has it, but into "dense smoke"—a *volume* of which is thicker than "*Boxiana*," and all the numbers of "Bell's Life in London" bound together. To my thinking, the journey in post chaise, or behind a fast trotter, to witness a mill, is the very charm of the event; besides, should the *beaks* interfere, you have animals for an *adjournment*, a supply of which you can rarely get when dropped in company with some hundreds of "the Fancy" at a "railway station." The only way to do the thing pleasantly by steam, is to hire a steam-boat for the day, and even that is fraught with danger and inconvenience in landing, to which the old-fashioned way of journeying is not subjected. For my part, despite the additional time occupied, I love the poetry of travelling, and would rather go a hundred miles to a mill in "a slap-up drag," than fifty to one by a railway or a steam-boat. The late Mr. Charles Matthews wrote a comic song, entitled "The Mill," and sung it in one of his entertainments, called "Matthews at Home," which I well recollect witnessing when a very little boy,—it commenced somewhat in the following strain:

Lords! how bright a day,
Up before light to-day,
Where is the fight to-day,
Down at the Hurst;
Prads from Wisminster,
Bucks in their best mixture,
All are now drest in their
Best or their worst.

This proves the truth of my position, the *poetry* of going to "a mill" has departed; Mr. Matthews could not have entertained his audience with such a recital and song, had "the mill" of his time, like a water-mill, been approachable by steam. Going to "a mill" is altogether a most exhilirating scene,—passing along the road with an occasional "pull up," and "how are you, Bill: here comes from Spring; have you seen Peter Crawley; Jem Burn has gone on; Dick Curtis, with Harry Holt, have taken their man on an hour ago; here comes Mr. Dowling, and there stands the drag of the Honorable Mr. G——, with the Captain on the box; the *Marquis* is sure to be down; Jack's fresh; still I'll bet six to four on Ned," and all that sort of thing forms the very spirit of going to a fight. The difficulties which are sometimes encountered in the shape of magisterial interference, removals, &c. &., very much enhance the relish and value of the sport; in fact, enjoyments of every kind are valued and appreciated by the antagonist difficulty of access.

To prevent the possibility of being misled upon the question of the "where-about," the best plan is to reach as soon as possible the head-quarters of one of the belligerents, which is generally at a public house in the village or town nearest the scene of action. If the fight takes place a long distance from the "tiny village," you will, of course, near the scene of action over night, and obtain all the information requisite from a hundred mouths. Where the extreme mysterious is done, or the information as to "the field" varies, the novice will to belie his charracter by sticking close to the Commissary-General and his deputy, who are the busiest characters in "the Play;" they, at most times, reconnoitre the ground for a mile or two round the country visited, in a light cart and having the custody of "the ropes and stakes."

The Commissary-General and his "Man Friday" are persons so completely identified with the prize ring, so perfectly a part and parcel of that same, that I make no apology for introducing a brief notice of a *gentleman*, who, in times gone by, made himself eminent, conspicuous, and serviceable, in the important commission: I allude to a scion of the old school, the once celebrated Bill Gibbons. "Bill was," says his biographer, "by trade a coach wheelwright, but by profession 'a loose fish.' In fact, while yet in his *teens*, he was *fly* to everything *flash*, 'up and down to *sprees* of all sorts,' and took his degrees in the *Fancy* with as much assiduity as if he aspired to the office of Lord Chancellor, although his pursuits never led him beyond a '*nob* in *chancery*.' From his cradle he was much attached to animals, and the earliest expenditure from his treasury was devoted to the purchase of a bull-dog. This dog, which was his constant companion, was by himself called *his partner*; and it would seem, that while the copartnership existed, each had his fair proportion of the troubles of this life, for each, in turn, as he was the *assailler* or *assailee*, found his *pal* at hand to give him a lift. In the course of his career, Bill fought many hard battles, and defeated several good men. He never entered the ring as a prize-fighter, but was always considered a good second. As a judge of a dog, Bill at one time had not his equal, and as a second at a match with the *rum dunnock* few excelled him. From being a practical patron of 'Field Sports,' where the bull, the badger, the bear, or the duck, was concerned, he became a 'dealer in fancies,' and was patronised by several of the most distinguished sportsmen in the kingdom, who often made selections from his 'cabinet of rarities' of some of the most celebrated *tykes* and *prads* on record. His *rum-it tum* was out on all high days and holidays, and to such a pitch of science did this animal at last arrive, that it became a bye-word, 'as knowing as Bill Gibbon's bull!' Amidst the motley associations in which Bill's pursuits occasionally threw him, it may be inferred that he was 'up to a thing or two;' and there is no doubt that he was frequently the confidant of 'out and outers' of note, and, perhaps, occasionally had his '*reglars*;' but he always steered his own bark clear of the shoals and quicksands of justice. Like Caleb Baldwin, he has taken his part in the political discussions of his country, and in front of the hustings, in Covent Garden, has frequently chopped logic on the *canister* of a troublesome elector. He figured, too, on the stage, and in the pantomime of 'Harlequin and Asmodeus,' at Covent Garden, appeared to great advantage, with his dogs, in the scene of the Spanish Bull Fight; and again, at the Lyceum, in company with his *pal*, old Caleb, he took a conspicuous part in 'the Manager's Last Kick,' his whole household of *noddies* and dogs being included in the engagement. To his superiors, Bill was at all times civil and obliging, his manners were unassuming, and it was a creditable trait in his character, that he was never known to swear, beyond the *profane* exclamation of 'Burn my old breeches,' which was an oath exclusively his own. Moore, in 'The Memorial to Congress,' thus remarks:—

"Bill Gibbons, rising, wished to know,
Whether 't was meant *his bull* should go;
As should their Majesties be dull,
Says Bill, 'There's nothing like a bull;'
And, *blow me tight*,—(Bill Gibbons ne'er,
In all his days, was known to swear—
Except light oaths, to grace his speeches,
Like, *Dash my wig*; or Burn my breeches.")

The Biographer thus proceeds:—"To his equals and inferiors, Bill was a welcome companion, and could chant a flash ditty, or tell a rum story with any of them. Of late years, Bill confined himself to the office of Commissary-General of the Ring, and was entrusted by the Pugilistic Club with the ropes and stakes, which were furnished at their expense. The stakes, "of color blue," bore the same initials that the Members of the Club themselves wore on their buttons P. C. These he invariably took to all fights, races, or other meetings, where fights might be anticipated for a purse or stake, and for such attendance he was allowed two guineas a day out of the funds of the Club. Mr. Jackson, who was denominated the Commander-in-Chief, was the dispenser of those funds; but, in modern times, they have fallen to nothing, while large arrears remain unpaid."

Since the retirement of Mr. Jackson from the Fancy, the formation of the Ring has been paid for by the parties interested.

Bill Gibbons died at Lambeth, Dec. 7th, 1827, after a short illness. His last appearance in public was at Warfield, Berks, the scene of the conflict between Ned Neale and Jem Burn:—Game to the last, he determined to make the ring for these men; and, shoving himself, his nephew, and the P. C. Stakes into a *go-cart*, he *toddled off* to the scene of action. He was too late for business; his more active cotemporary, Joe Fishwick, having already "done the thing" in prime style. Bill, however, went through the form of pitching his stakes, and then contented himself with being a spectator instead of an actor in the busy scene. To this journey his death is ascribed—he caught a cold from sitting in a vehicle only partially enclosed, which placed him in a constant draught of air; and on his return to town, he took to his bed, from whence he never arose alive. The evening of his days was quiet and happy. He appeared perfectly resigned to his fate, and, trusting to Providence for a favorable consideration of the past, "gave up the ghost," with as much Christian piety, and perhaps with more fortitude, than if he had been a Methodist preacher half his life—and, by the bye, he lived to a good old age, for he had reached his seventieth year, having been born in Lloyd's-court, St. Giles's, on the 28th of September, 1757. After Bill's death, Tom Oliver, the celebrated Pugilist, and Joe Fishwick, a lad of merit, well known in the sporting circles, executed the duties of the Commission between them, and the office of Commissary-General is still retained by Oliver, who is assisted in the arduous duties by Jack Clarke, the Trainer.

London Sports and Amusements

IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

We have read a great deal in our day of the manly sports of "merrie England," in the early part of the last century, and of the glories of Vauxhall and Ranelagh; but we have the authority of a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* for stating, that these latter places were the resort of "the quality," and higher ranks of citizens, whose principal purpose in visiting them was less to see the entertainments and listen to the music than to be seen and noticed—to promenade the "genteel" walks, hear a few staves of some singer's song, gaze at the company, and wind up the evening with an assignation. It is also asserted that cock-fighting, boxing, and bull-baiting, were among the fashionable sports of the period. The former was patronized by men of station, and was, in fact, ranked essentially among the more aristocratic amusements. So was boxing, amphitheatres for its display being regularly advertised in the public papers; and, in 1723, so royally was it favored, that the king ordered a ring to be marked out in Hyde Park, about five hundred yards from Grosvenor gate, and properly fenced in; whilst, in the French theatre, in the Haymarket, those renowned champions, Figg and Sparkes, fought for a prize on December 3d, 1731.

The most revolting and disgusting spectacles of this kind were prize-fights, in which women were the competitors for the stakes, and, half-naked, battered and bruised each other, without cause or provocation, to the heart's delight of a "respectable" circle of beholders! Under date June 22d, 1768, we read:

"Wednesday last, two women fought for a new chemise, valued at half a guinea, in the Spa-fields, near Islington. The battle was won by a woman called 'Bruising Peg,' who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner."

The public papers teemed with challenges from boxers, but in a different style from those now so concisely stated in our sporting prints. Here is an advertisement, in which the gauntlet is thrown down with a mighty flourish of trumpets:

"Whereas I, William Willis, commonly called by the name of the 'Fighting Quaker,' have fought Mr. Smallwood, about twelve months since, and held him the tightest to it, and bruised and battered him more than any one he ever encountered, there is therefore this is to give notice, that the said Smallwood, flushed with the success he had in fortune that day, and the weak advantage of a few odd inches more and boys, thereby have of late fought him for a private out or two, makes him think himself unconquerable, to convince him of the falsity of which, I invite him to fight me for £100, at the time and place above mentioned, when I doubt not I shall prove the truth of what I have asserted, by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross-buttocks."

The refined taste for bear and bull-baiting was gratified by two rival establishments, the King's Bear Garden, which existed till 1754, at Hockley-in-the-Hole, on the site of the present Brickhill and Ray streets, Clerkenwell, and the New Bear Garden at Marylebone. There were also arenas for boxing, fencing, wrestling, and dog fighting; but the legitimate sport of the place was such as is announced in the following advertisement selected from many of a similar nature, dated 1730:

"At his majesty's Bear Garden, at Hockley-in-the Hole, Monday, 14th of September, 1730, a mad bull to be dressed up with fireworks and turned loose in the game place. Likewise a dog to be dressed up with fireworks over him, and turned loose with the man in the ground. Also a bear to be let loose at the same time, and a cat to be tied to the bull's tail. Note: The doors will be opened at four, as the sports begin at five exactly, because the diversion will last long, and the days grow short."

Here is the same glorious "sport" at another arena. We copy a hand-bill of the period:

"This is to give notice, that, to-morrow, for a day's diversion, at Mr. Stokes's amphitheatre, a mad bull dressed up with fireworks will be baited. Also cudgel playing for a silver cup, and wrestling for a pair of buckskin breeches. September 3rd, 1729. Gallery seats, 2s. 6d., 2s., 1s. 6d., and 1s."

The same den at Hockley-in-the-Hole was the scene of different though less hateful sports—broadsword and cudgelling. Challenges frequently appeared in the papers from one "master of the noble science of defence" (so they styled themselves) to another, to "fight with backsword, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, single falchion, case of falchions, quarter-staff and single-stick; he that gives the most cuts to have the most money." Very frightful gashes and slabs were given and received at these gladiatorial exhibitions, yet they were respectably attended, and in some instances women took a part in them.

Cudgelling was not quite extinct, but we find it in strange company. Here is a medley, copied from Read's Journal of Sept. 9, 1721:

"On Wednesday the 13th, at Windsor, a piece of plate is to be fought for at cudgels, by ten men on a side, from Berkshire and Middlesex. The next day a hat and feather to be fought for by ten men on a side from the counties aforesaid. Ten bargemen are to eat ten quarts of hasty pudding, well buttered, but internally hot; he that has done first to have a silver spoon of ten shillings value, and the second five shillings. And as they have anciently had the title of the Merry Wives of Windsor, six old women belonging to Windsor town challenge any six old women in the universe (we need not, however, go further than our own country) to out-scold them; the best in three heats to have a suit of head cloths, and (what old women generally want) a pair of nutcrackers."

Another pastime in which women were the actors—still indecorous, but more ludicrous than painful—was the smock-racing in Pall-mall, which appears to have been kept up as late as 1733.

GAMBLING.

HOW THE MEXICAN GOT "TOOK DOWN."

The shrewdest gamblers in the world, are undoubtedly the Mexicans. For this merit they are indebted to their constant practice in the art. They—the most of them—are gamblers during their whole life time—constantly playing, and thus obtaining a familiarity with cards, and a knowledge of the various "tricks" that may be perpetrated with them upon the verdant and uninitiated, (unseen and undiscoverable) so requisite to the finished professor of the art. But the smartest of them occasionally pick up a customer who "knows all about it," if his actions and appearance *don't* indicate it, and therefore sometimes come off "second best." The case in point truthfully illustrates the assertion. The story was told us by our old friend Harry G——, and is worth fixing up, and of course reading. It occurred during the "recent war," while Harry was in Mexico, in the capacity of one of Uncle Sam's fighting men. Harry "takes a hand," occasionally, and is considered rather smart with the "papers." One day he thought he felt like indulging in a little *monte*—a favorite game with the Mexicans—and therefore popped into a *salon*, took a seat at a table covered with piles of doubloons, and commenced betting. He had a good "streak of luck" for some time, won frequently and quite immensely. However, his luck at last changed—he commenced losing; and in a short time, all that he had previously won, and about fifty dollars besides, were in the possession of the dealer. Harry had watched the cards very attentively for some time, and finally came to the conclusion that he "smelt a mice."

A seven spot frequently turned up—became what is termed one of the "lay outs." Now, card-players have their peculiarities—one of which is, their "favorite cards"—cards that they will never bet against—and others, too, that they will *always* bet against. Harry is no "exception to the rule;" he too, had his favorite cards, and those that were not. One of the latter was a seven spot; and this the dealer had very readily discovered, and hence, thought Harry, the frequency of its being one of the "lay-outs." Harry determined to make things right, in the end—and he did. The game proceeded, and Harry continued to bet. The seven spot turned up again. "D——n that seven spot," exclaimed Harry, as he deposited his bet on the opposite card. The seven spot won, and Harry, of course—didn't. After a while, the seven spot turned up again. "There's that seven spot again! It must lose some time," says Harry, depositing his bet on the opposite card, and awaiting the result. Seven spot won again! "D——n it!" exclaims Harry aloud. "I'll bet against it all night. If it comes out again, I'll bet my pile against it." The dealer, of course, heard him, and soon gave him an opportunity. The seven spot presently turned up, and Harry thrusts his hand in his pocket, and hauls out an immense "pile," enough to cover all he had lost, and double the amount besides. Coolly depositing his money on the table, "I guess," says Harry, "I'll change my bet, this time. I'll go the whole *on* the seven—on the seven, d'ye mind!" directing his eyes and conversation to the dealer, who looked rather "shaky." The cards were drawn off, and the seven won, as it had previously, and Harry quit the game about $200 ahead! He had him.

Grey Squirrels.

A correspondent, writing from the borders of Lake Champlain, says:

"A word on the instinct of squirrels here. When they wish to move from one island to the other, they watch the wind till it blows in the right direction, and then you will see them in dozens coming to the beach, each with a large piece of bark in his mouth, which he launches, and then jumping on board, turns up his tail for a sail, and over he goes to the port of his destination. I might have shot them while making sail, but it looked to me as something almost wicked."

PERHAM AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

THIRD MONSTER GIFT ENTERprise, in connection with the Exhibitions of his magnificent and immense Mirror of North and South America, the exhibitions of which commence on Monday evening, May 1st.

100,000 Tickets only, at $1 each, will be sold. Each purchaser of a Ticket for the Admission of Four Persons to the Exhibition, presented with a numbered Certificate, entitling the holder to One Share in the following 100,000 Gifts:

A FARM, located in Harrison Township, Gloucester County, New Jersey, and within 15 miles of Philadelphia. It embraces over 100 acres of land, in a high state of cultivation, with Dwelling, Barns, and other necessary out-houses, in good repair. There is a large orchard of choice fruits. A fine water-power and good stone quarry are on the premises, the latter of which is the only one in the neighborhood, and on it the country in the immediate vicinity depend for public purposes. Title indisputable. Valued at		$16,000
(*Any information in regard to the Farm can be obtained of Belan Redfield, tenant on the premises.*)		
A Perpetual Loan, without security or interest,		5,000
" " " "		2,000
" " " "		1,000
2 " " "	$500 *each*	1,000
10 " " "	100 "	1,000
The celebrated Trotting Mare "Lilly Dale," who can trot, in harness, a mile in 2:40—valued at		1,500
5 *Rosewood Pianos, valued at*	$500 *each,*	2,500
5 " "	300 "	1,500
(*A portion of the Pianos are T. Gilbert & Co's celebrated Æolians. Specimens to be seen at the store of Horace Waters, 333 Broadway; others of Hallet, Davis & Co's splendid instruments, to be seen at J. E. Gould's Piano and Music Store, 163 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.*)		
The splendid series of Paintings known as the "Mirror of New England and Canadian Scenery," and now exciting a handsome income by its Exhibitions in the East—valued at		22,000
3 *light and beautiful Carriages,* $225 *each,*		675
10 *Gold Watches,*	$100 *each,*	1,000
40 " "	50 "	2,000
100 " *Pens and Cases,*	5 "	500
5000 " *Pencils,*	3 "	15,000
94,819 *pieces of choice, popular and fashionable Music, 25 cts each,*		23,705
100,000 Gifts,	Valued at	$96,380

In order to ensure to all concerned a perfectly fair and satisfactory disposition of the above named Gifts, Mr. Perham proposes that the Shareholders shall meet together on Thursday evening, June 22d, 1854, (or sooner, if all the tickets are sold—due notice of which will be given,), at some suitable place hereafter to be designated, and appoint a Committee of Five Persons, who may dispose of the property in such manner as the Shareholders, in general meeting, shall direct; the Committee giving good and sufficient bonds, if required by the Shareholders, for the faithful performance of the duties required of them.

All orders for Tickets, by mail, should be addressed JOSIAH PERHAM, Academy Hall, 663 Broadway, New York. If it should happen that all the Tickets are sold when the order is received, the money will be returned, at our expense for postage. Correspondents will please write distinctly their name, residence, County and State, to prevent errors.

OFFICES FOR SALE OF TICKETS.

ACADEMY HALL, 663 Broadway.
HOWE'S COUGH CANDY STORE, 166 Chatham street.
LOVEJOY'S, HOWARD'S, and MERCHANTS' Hotels.
CATTELL'S DRUG STORE, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

MEDICAL BOOK GRATIS!

THE SILENT FRIEND, BY DR. T. H. PERRY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, late of the Paris and London Hospitals, for the last 15 years at 116 West Broadway, opposite White street, where he may be confidentially consulted from 9 to 2, and from 6 to 9 daily—Sundays excepted. The Silent Friend explains the nature, consequences and treatment of all diseases of the generative organs, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, strictures of the urethra, gravel, epididimitis, syphilis, lues venerea, or secondary symptoms: seminal emissions, the effects of masturbation, or secret habits, fully explaining the causes of loss of memory, general debility, incapability for business or study, impotence, sterility, &c., and all the train of evils resulting from this vice to our youth of both sexes, with exposition of quack nostrums, cordials, apparatus, &c. Observations on Female Diseases, with particulars of Doctor Brown's Female Pills.

This book should be obtained by every one, as it will prove a complete safeguard against quackery. The author cures all the above diseases, with a rapidity hitherto unequaled, at charges within the reach of all. The medicine contains no mercury; no restraint in diet, or hindrance from business required. Letters for the Silent Friend must be post-paid and addressed to T. H. P.'s office, 116 West Broadway, New York.

CAUTION—Dr. P. has no connexion with any other parties of the same name in this city.

Advice Free, and Medicine at $1. oc7

THE MONITOR OF HEALTH.

A NEW AND GREAT MEDICAL WORK for a expence.—A new edition revised, corrected and improved of 50,000 copies to be distributed throughout the country.

Dr. Hunter's Monitor of Health, or Guide to relief for the Suffering—containing a complete history of the orgin and the dreadful effects of all diseases of a private or delicate nature; excessive solitary or sexual habits. The cause of rupture incases where it is not hereditary; with receipts for their cure and rules for their prevention; written to be intelligible to all classes of readers. It is a complete exposition of the nature, with all the modern modes of treatment of Venereal diseases in all its terrible forms; Primary, Secondary and Tertiary—Gonorrœa gleet, strictures, whites, seminal emissions, spermatorrœa, and otherwise, leading to impotency. Designed to warn the unthinking from violating the laws of nature, and to indicate the road to a happy longevity. It also contains proofs of powerful cures performed by the Author, the Old Doctor Hunter himself, through a period of twenty-five years successful practice, devoted to the cure of the above diseases.

To which is added the causes, symptoms and cure of all diseases of the liver and kidneys:—One copy will be mailed to any one address, post-paid, containing a six-penny piece to Dr. Hunter, Proprietor of the Hunterian Dispensary, No. 3 Division street, New York city. Established A. D. 1834. m13

Dr. Zadoc Porter's Curative Cough

BALSAM—Price One Dime. His Curative Sugar Pills, price 6¼ cents, and 12½ cents per box; and his Infallible Medicated Stomach Bitters, are sold by all the principal Druggists, and by the Doctor at his general offices, 216 Fulton street, New York. A word to the wise is sufficient. Our duty to our readers has been done in the above announcement. We have tried the Doctor's medicines; their friends have tried them, and we have no hesitation in saying that not only are they the best remedies to be obtained, but that the public cannot do without them. Don't forget Doctor Zadoc Porter, and suffer by using any substitute for the medicines he has so praiseworthily placed within the means of the poor as well as the rich. Nov. 11-1m.

(*Cheerful Visitor.*

Dr. Pape's Ladies Silver Pills.

These pills are approved the best remedy for female irregularities, and especially as a preventive to ladies whose health does not permit an increase of family. Sold and sent to any part of the States for one dollar, with propes directions. For consultation on diseases incident to females, apply personally or by letter.

A comfortable home provided for those placing themselves under my treatment. All letter treated confidentially.

Address Dr. E. D. PAPE, 413 Broadway.

SURE CURES AT SMALL COST

DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S Friend, and the infallible remedies for certain diseases. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York, nowhere else. Universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, for the amazing cures they have performed in the worst cases, after all other aid had miserably failed those afflicted.

Now used for the above virulent disease, and its disastrous train of symptoms, with a success that astonishes the faculty; far surpassing the tardy operation of other remedies, at the same time that they are also milder than those upon the system itself. The reason is that they exert their whole force upon the disease, which is compelled to give way at once, and the patient suffers nothing, as in other instances, from the remedy that relieves him. Thence the fact that these are now approved above all others.

For certainty and celerity they are unapproached, and for an entire eradication of the subtle seeds of venereal disease nothing else can positively be relied upon. Tested in a night almost say in millions of cases, and found to be the only reliable anchor.

While these are an immediate cure for the slighter affections, they are a remedy to which the aggravated forms, as difficult to cure by other treatment as a consumption is, yield easily, and indeed at once. The patient has no more difficulty than with a sore finger, instead of being the prey of a loathsome and continually corroding malady. $1 per vial with a book.

Newark, N. J., July 7th, 1853.

DR. WARD: Sir—I had tried the medicines prescribed by seven different physicians before I applied to you. Your medicines cured me in five days. I can never discharge my obligations to you.

Upwards of 10,000 cases like the above could be adduced. Cabmen talk Dr. Ward's cures. No failures. His charges are moderate, only for the medicine, $15 to guarantee a cure of Gonorrhœa. The same for curing Syphilis, Seminal Weakness, General Debility, Impotence, &c.—Those who cannot afford so much, inclose $10, $5, or $1, according to their ability. $1 per vial. Packages sent to all parts of the world. An answer returned the moment a letter is received, medicines accompanying, all contained in a strong box.

A CURE FOR A CERTAIN DISEASE IMMEDIATELY!—By the newly discovered astounding and unparalleled remedies, the most important Medical Invention relative to the Disorders of Modern Times. Admitted to be the most wonderful combination of science for the cure of disease. DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S FRIEND, and other amazing remedies. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York; nowhere else. Now universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, as the easiest, safest, and speediest remedies discovered for those diseases; cure in 12 hours, if the disease is recent, and never requires more than a few days. To terminate and eradicate thoroughly the most obstinate and protracted discharges from the Urethra, no matter how long its continuance or what tried previously.

These Medicines have been hailed by thousands as the greatest boon to humanity. Married persons in this predicament, especially, and all anxious for a cure, are by these Incomparable Remedies, certain of obtaining the same without any delay. A cure guaranteed by their means. Practical directions accompany the Remedies. A Scientific description of the disease is enclosed. $1 per bottle with a book.

CONCLUDING ADVICE TO THE UNFORTUNATE! If you have contracted a certain disease, do not delay a moment, but come, send or write to Dr. Ward, 50 Canal street, New York City. If you want to make sure of a cure, come, send or write. If you are poor, nevertheless, come, send, or write.

In a week after receiving the medicines, my patients write. Dear Doctor, accept my warm felt thanks; your medicines have cured me; they are delightful as well as certain. No danger of discovery by having the remedies sent, as (unless otherwise ordered) they are directed to be kept at the depot till called for. Within one two or three days after writing to us, according to the distance from New York, the patient will be certain of receiving our reply, and the remedies to cure him at the same time. Then the afflicted will rejoice. The medicines are securely put up in a box, and make a compact and portable package, strong, not liable to damage or to excite curiosity. If anything is broken or damaged, by carriage, (which, however, very rarely happens) I invariably make it good when informed of it. No delay in receiving an answer. Distance makes no difference. I cure more than 20,000 every year in different cities, and they all receive their medicines through the mails or by express. Ample directions accompany each remedy and article to be used, so that no mistake can be made.

Patients are requested to be concise, and a the same time minute in the relation of their sexual cases, stating age, e, and its duration and symptoms, whether any treatment has been adopted, &c., &c. Out of thousands of letters sent to us annually, by mail, no one has miscarried to our knowledge. Money enclosed in letters is perfectly safe, and is sure to reach us. Letters should be post-paid, and directed to Dr. Thomas Ward, No. 50 Canal street, one door from Broadway, New York.

VICTIMS OF DISEASE.

YOU CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL IN the selection of a physician or a remedy in these cases. You should apply to a man who has had ample experience and that possesses true skill in the treatment thereof. Such a physician is Dr. Hunter, he lays his claims on the following facts, which can be easily proven:

He has been in active practice over 25 years in this city, and has established the Hunterian Dispensary, 3 Division street, in 1833, exclusively for the treatment of certain diseases, and has devoted all his abilities during all that time, to that a branch of medecine only. His great remedy, Hunter's Red Drop, is a medecine perfectly innocent in its action, yet so thorough that it annihilates every particle of the rank and poisonous virtus of this dreadful disease; and on this account alone it was first made public, that unlike all other remedies, it does not dry up the disease in the blood, to break out at a remote period all over the body, or to transmit to the offspring.

It has been counterfeited and slandered more than any medecine of any kind ever brought before the public—knowing that unless they deter the fortunate from obtaining it, their prospects for patronsage is gone. The Hunterian Dispensary is conducted on the most honorable principles. No man is required to sign a register of names, or asked who or what he is. Doctor Hunter's business is to cure his patients, and no one knows but the patients and himself that they ever met professionally. He desires young men attached to respectable families, and who are led astray by the numerous temptations of a city life to understand this. He has refused mon certificates of cures from persons who had been successfully treated by other Physicians, than w I fill the largest newspaper in the world ad a times over. apr15 3m

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

Established in 1833, by Dr. George W. Bond, in Orchard street, New York,

For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.

If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system, but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time; and but one charge made in all cases, to make a perfect cure.

To which is added the causes, symptoms and cure of all diseases of the liver and kidneys:—One copy will be mailed to any one address, post-paid, containing a six-penny piece to Dr. Hunter, Proprietor of the Hunterian Dispensary, No. 3 Division street, New York city. Established A. D. 1834. m13

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These pills are approved the best remedy for female irregularities, and especially as a preventive to ladies whose health does not permit an increase of family. Sold and sent to any part of the States for one dollar, with propes directions. For consultation on diseases incident to females, apply personally or by letter.

A comfortable home provided for those placing themselves under my treatment. All letter treated confidentially.

Address Dr. E. D. PAPE, 413 Broadway.

The French Lunar Pills.

TO FEMALES EXCLUSIVELY.

THE FRENCH LUNAR PILLS MAY BE OBTAINED by applying either personally or by letter at No. 85 South Max Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

These CELEBRATED PILLS are safe and certain remedies for all difficulties or irregularities, and also for other delicate diseases peculiar to females both married and single. The Pills produce a remedial power, and when taken according to directions, produce the most surprising yet gratifying results.

☞ A competent medical advisor will always be in attendance to wait on those who wish for a consultation, free of charge.

We wish to say a few words in relation to the above named Pills, as by so doing we may benefit a large number of females who now may be suffering for the want of a remedy. For one of the most distressing complaints peculiar to their sex. Supp